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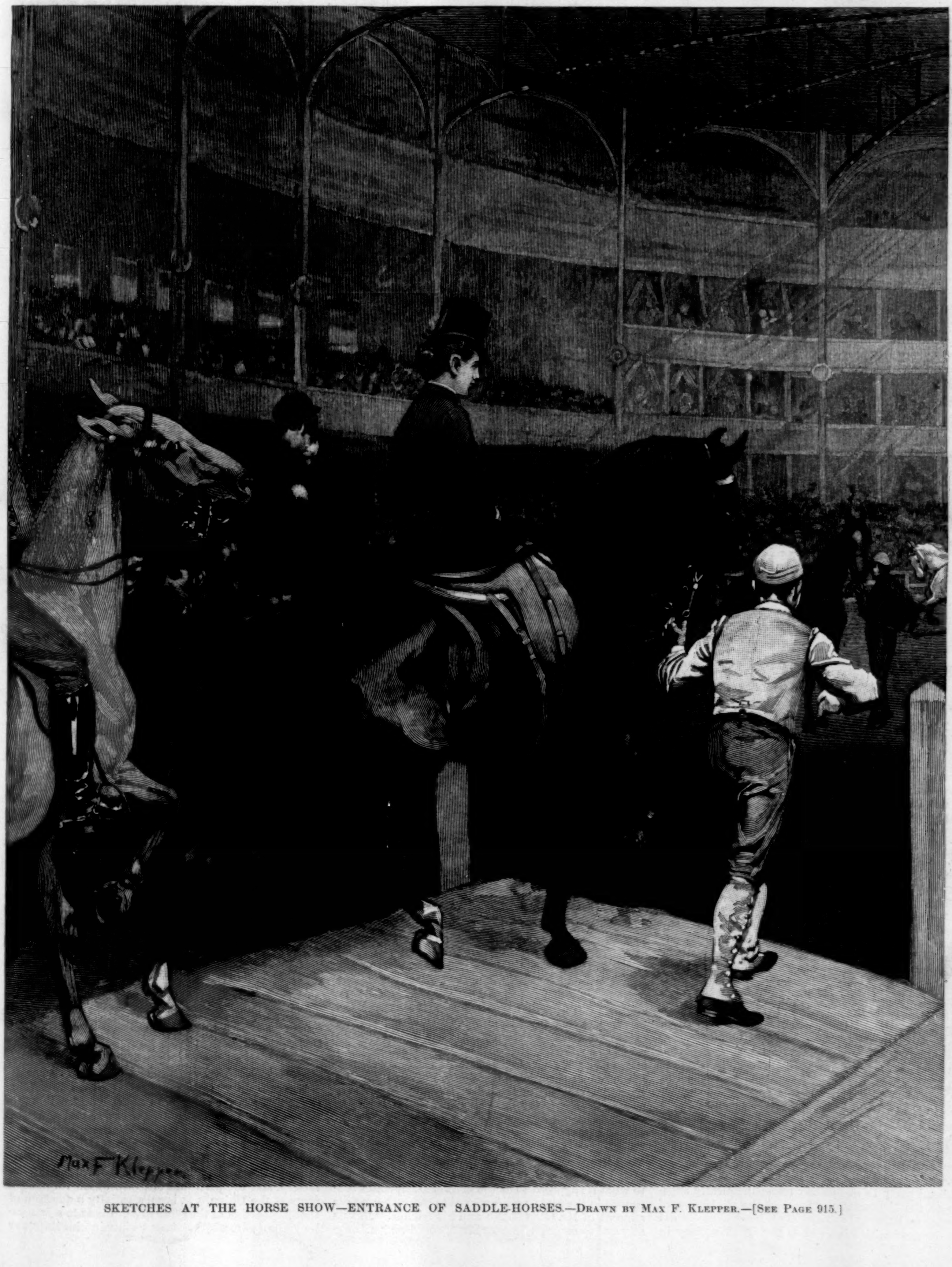

SKETCHES AT THE HORSE SHOW—ENTRANCE OF SADDLE-HORSES.—Drawn by Max F. Klepper.—[See Page 915.]

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The Thanksgiving Number

OF

HARPER'S BAZAR,

Published Saturday, November 21st—in a special cover, with an effective Colored Supplement, "The Thanksgiving Pumpkin," by ALICE BARBER STEPHENS *—will contain charming stories by* LOUISE STOCKTON *and* WINFIELD S. MOODY, JR., *with Illustrations by* ROSINA EMMET SHERWOOD *and* ALICE BARBER STEPHENS; *a poem by* THERON BROWN, *entitled "The First Thanksgiving," illustrated by* HOWARD PYLE, *and an attractive Thanksgiving Miscellany. The Fashion Designs include a graceful Worth Wrap, represented by* SANDOZ.

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(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

PUBLISHED

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THE REPUBLICAN PROSPECT.

MR. QUAY feels "gratified if not vindicated" by the great majority for his candidates in Pennsylvania. Mr. SHERMAN thinks that the Republican victory in Ohio means opposition to free-silver coinage, and that Republican defeat in New York means rural hostility to Mr. PLATT as the party boss, although the Senator does not use these words. But the general result, he thinks, will not affect next year's election. Mr. McKINLEY thinks that the tariff was the issue in Ohio. Mr. LODGE thinks that the result in Massachusetts is very serious, and that if the State is to be carried by the Republicans next year, the work must begin at once. In other words, Mr. LODGE, the Republican leader in the late active campaign in Massachusetts, thinks that without hard and continuous effort the original and strongest Republican State will support the Democratic candidate for the Presidency next year. These are all interesting opinions. The Democratic advance of last year was not maintained in the elections of this year, but probably no intelligent independent observer considers the Republican prospect to be cheerful. Does the enormous majority in Pennsylvania, in face of the vast system of Republican frauds and in vindication of Mr. QUAY, or the apparent Republican purpose in Ohio to supplant Mr. SHERMAN by Mr. FORAKER, show in the two States which the Republicans carried a condition of the party which promises enthusiasm and victory?

Mr. GEORGE FRED WILLIAMS, in Massachusetts, a Democratic Representative, but bred a Republican, sharply satirized and ridiculed the claim of the Republican party to be morally and patriotically superior to the Democratic party, and the re-election of Governor RUSSELL showed that Massachusetts did not disagree with him. Does the QUAY victory in Pennsylvania prove that moral superiority? Pennsylvania is now the champion Republican State. But a life-long Pennsylvania Republican writes: "The appeal of independent Republicans to the reason and moral sense of the community is but the voice of one crying in a political wilderness. The only response is the echo of their own cry. If the verdict of the election be as I understand it, a declaration that QUAY and the defaulting State and city officers have done nothing worthy of punishment, then I am no longer a Republican." It is a single voice, but it speaks for a host. Intelligent Republicans must know that their party can no longer appeal to the feelings of the war, to the old and just distrust of a slavery-led Democracy, or to the conscience of the country, and that Governor RUSSELL of Massachusetts, Governor BOIES of Iowa, and Governor CAMPBELL of Ohio, the last two LINCOLN Republicans, and the first born only just before the war, no more represent the old slavery Democracy than QUAY represents the old LINCOLN and SUMNER Republicanism.

Even in New York, where the Democratic party cherishes most tenaciously its old traditions, and instead of leaders like BOIES and RUSSELL and CAMPBELL, prefers the leadership of Tammany Hall and Governor HILL, or Mr. MURPHY and Mr. CROKER, the Republican party has no leader who represents the early character and impulse of the party. In a contest like that of the late election in New York the result would have been very different if the situation had not been felt by so many voters to offer merely a choice of evils. In this political condition it is not surprising that Mr. CLARKSON deplores the drift of the new voters to the Democratic party as the party of progress and of an equitable national policy of taxation, to which the Republican party opposes only a great tradition which rebukes the party itself, and a policy of protection which stimulates political corruption. This is not a promising prospect. The only positive Republican success in the late election was the immense majority for QUAY'S candidates in Pennsylvania, for even the two Republican leaders in Ohio, Mr. SHERMAN and Mr. McKINLEY, are not agreed that it was solely a tariff victory in their State. The only positive Republican victory, therefore, is a huge protection majority in Pennsylvania, notwithstanding a Republican protest against vast and notorious Republican frauds. Despite the Tammany victory in New York, there are in the whole Democratic prospect signs of promise. But in the Republican prospect they are not visible.

A DANGEROUS MAJORITY.

WHILE, as we say elsewhere, the general Democratic prospect is brighter than the Republican, there are to intelligent Democrats certain disquieting considerations. The familiar saying among Republicans, "Give the Democrats rope enough and they will hang themselves," was recalled by the anxiety before the autumn campaign opened lest the Democrats should take in New York the same position upon the currency which they took in Ohio and other States, and by such paragraphs as this:

> "The last hope of the Republicans is the Democratic House of Representatives. They hope that the Democrats will behave so abominably, with such recklessness and foolishness and lack of political sense, that the country will be repelled from the party. The Democrats ought to take the notice for what it is worth, and bear it in mind through the session. There will be business enough to attend to besides attempting to do all sorts of extreme and useless things to offend the country, and the Democrats should be able to keep the few Republicans fully occupied in defending the acts of scandalous administration officers."

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* expresses the same apprehension. "The next House," it says, "is dangerously Democratic."

The apprehension is doubtless well founded. A majority of 150 in the House is very large, and party discipline is difficult. The first step will be troublesome. As we have already stated, the probable Speaker is an extreme free-silver advocate, and as there will be a probable preponderance of free-silver sentiment, it is by no means certain that Mr. SHERMAN'S and Mr. CARLISLE'S prediction of the passage of a free-silver bill will not be fulfilled; although, as we said last week, it is less likely in view of the New York and Massachusetts declarations upon the currency. But the ice will be very thin, and very skilful skating will be necessary. At present the prospect is that the paramount issue of next year's campaign will be the tariff. But the tariff is not so pressing a subject as the currency, and Congressional tampering with the currency would instantly change the issue of the national election. There need be no misunderstanding of the silence of the free-silver advocates during the late campaign, and it is idle to suppose that all danger upon that point is passed because of the Democratic platforms of New York and Massachusetts. The Democratic platform of New York was the work of Tammany Hall, and Tammany Hall has no principle but its own profit. It deferred to what it supposed to be the drift of Democratic sentiment in the State, and it wished to secure the active support of Mr. CLEVELAND and his friends. But its ally and spokesman, Senator HILL, would very willingly adjust his action to the general drift of his party; and Senator VEST, of Missouri, a free-silver Democrat, says, and his remark is very suggestive, "We can take up the question of free coinage hereafter, if power can be wrested from the Republicans." That observation does not show that the silver question is extinct.

As the session precedes immediately a national election, there will be undoubtedly a system of investigating committees to provide party material for the campaign. There are certain questions that require investigation. The Chilian business especially ought to be made clear. But general legislation of importance is hardly to be expected, as the two Houses of Congress and the Executive will be playing a game for party advantage. Mr. MILLS is said to be engaged upon a tariff bill. This is probably a doubtful rumor, as he could not expect to gain the support of the Senate or to avoid a veto. The reasonable course in the House, as the *World* points out, would be to propose specific measures for enlarging the free list, not a complete remodelling of the tariff. It would be well, for obvious reasons, if the Democratic majority should heed the counsel of some of the youngest Democrats, the members from Massachusetts, for they represent largely the views and feelings of those from whom the Democratic party must look for the increase of its vote next year.

BRAZIL.

THE news from Brazil is not surprising, because some kind of revolution seems to be the chronic condition of South American republics. An extremely mixed and scattered population, divided into provinces, general ignorance, and the want of the tradition and habit of self-government do not promise peace and order to a republic established by a disaffected army. The late Emperor of Brazil retired before an apparently unanimous movement. Yet in such a community the apparent unanimity is often the order of Warsaw. It is armed supremacy. Against the military overthrow of an existing government in a country where there is no armed organization of citizens there can be no effective protest. The election that follows is like LOUIS NAPOLEON'S plébiscite, or the "voluntary contributions" of government clerks in response to the invitation of the removing officer. The empire of Brazil was overthrown by the army, and the General of the army became head of the state. There arose a difference between him and the Congress. He has dissolved the Congress, and remains military Dictator.

This is the present situation. Its real merits are unknown; but under such circumstances, as in Chili, where the chief of the state and of the army turns the Congress out of doors, it is generally because he finds it troublesome. The presumption is against him, for a Congress of elected representatives without command of armed forces is much less likely to violate the constitution than the General of the army. General FONSECA, it is alleged, has ordered an election for a new Congress. That is the usual way. But if the new Congress should be of the same opinion as the old Congress, and proceed to confirm the acts for which the old Congress was dissolved, the new one would be dissolved by the same power and for the same reason. In any view, General FONSECA remains Dictator, and if the country should remain tranquil, it will be either because it is overpowered, or, more probably, because it is willing that the General should remain Dictator.

It may be fairly doubted whether in Brazil there is a very strong general desire of a republic, or much comprehension of what a republic really is. That it is a system of government based upon the will of the majority, and constitutionally providing for the expression of that will and for the protection of the minority, is a truth which LABOULAYE thought even Frenchmen incapable of apprehending, and therefore supported the empire. There is probably an active republican propaganda in the country, maintained by able newspapers and politicians; but that is very different from a general republican sentiment. It is not easy to know; but if there be such a sentiment it will not submit to a dictatorship, as the reports of the disaffection of some of the provinces show. If the dictatorship continues, the country may enter upon the usual stormy career of South American states, or the recall of Dom PEDRO, or the offer of a crown to one of his family, would not be surprising.

THE LOUISIANA LOTTERY.

UNDOUBTEDLY the greatest evil which threatens the country is the corruption of the ballot. But the most startling illustration of the extent and power of political corruption or bribery is the career of the Louisiana Lottery Company. The meeting just held in New York, and its appeal to the honor and patriotism of the country, have shown the character of the lottery, and the peril and disgrace which threaten a State of the Union. It is substantially a question of the subjugation of the State of Louisiana to a fraudulent monopoly, which secures and maintains its power by corruption. The Lottery Company was chartered in 1868, at the instigation of a band of gamblers formed in New York, as a monopoly for twenty-five years. The grant was obtained by bribery and corruption, and for ten years the monopoly maintained itself by the same means. In 1879 the charter was repealed by a majority of two votes only, and the repeal was practically nullified by the United States district judge, who held that the immoral bargain of the grant was a sacred compact under the Constitution. The Constitutional Convention that followed, under various arguments, promises, and illicit persuasions, reinstated the charter, and provided, with the pledge of the Lottery Company, that after January 1, 1895, all lotteries should be prohibited in the State.

From the moment of that act, the company, with its vast corruption, has maintained its monopoly and increased its power. The committee say:

> "We have the authority of the lottery that ninety-three per cent. of the enormous revenue of $22,000,000 received from their monthly and semi-annual drawings—a revenue greater than that of any five average States in this Union—comes from the people of this country who live outside of Louisiana; and its advocates urge this fact as an argument for its recharter by the people of that State.
>
> "Through the purchase of stock by its stockholders and friends, it has obtained control of a large portion of the organized capital of the State. Its strong hand on the financial springs of a commercial community is so masterful as to silence the opposition of the cautious, and attract the support of the timid.
>
> "By the force and glitter of its money power it has warped the judgment and blunted the conscience of many good people, making them first apologists for and then desirous of such riches.
>
> "It has captured three-fourths of the Louisiana press.
>
> "In localities where it could not purchase the local press, it has started a press of its own. To emphasize this assertion, we state the fact that the most vehement anti-lottery papers in the State of a few years ago are the violent lottery partisans of to-day.
>
> "Its iniquitous business is blazoned by advertisements of winnings (oftentimes fictitious), and it has thus created and thus it stimulates a gambling thirst in tens of thousands of ignorant and credulous persons, from whom it monthly receives its enormous ill-gotten gains.
>
> "It is estimated that until checked in its boastful career by the enactments of the last Congress, one-third of the whole local mail that passed through the New Orleans post-office was lottery mail, and that $30,000 per diem in postal notes and money-orders were paid to its stalking-horse bank."

To confirm its hold upon the State, the Lottery Company has procured the passage of a constitutional amendment, to be voted on next April, granting to one of the original promoters of the company and his unnamed associates the exclusive privilege of drawing lotteries in the State for twenty-five years from January 1, 1894, in consideration of the payment to the State of $31,250,000 in annual instalments of $1,250,000. There are no limitations upon the grant, no penalties for its abuse. It is put beyond the regulating power of the Legislature, and all provisions to prevent frauds were voted down. The good name of the State, its public and private morals, the liberty and prosperity of its citizens, are all involved. Like Tammany Hall in New York, the necessary tendency of such a thoroughly organized system of corruption is to extend itself, and by the nature of our institutions it becomes a national concern. The statement of the situation is the most forcible appeal. The committee say, truly, "It is destructive of the sacred sisterhood of the States that one of their number should, for a pittance of revenue, charter a piratical corporation to prey upon the ignorance, the credulity, and the cupidity of the citizens of all the others, and station its creatures throughout the land to violate their laws."

THE NEW EDUCATION.

The recent vote in the Senate of Cambridge University in England upon the proposition to inquire—not to decide—whether an alternative was desirable for one of the two classical languages, that is to say, for Greek, in the previous examination was 525 nays to 185 yeas. It was a test vote of the force of "the educational reformers," or those who aim at what is called "practical teaching," against the old university tradition of classical teaching. Among the representatives of English Cambridge University men the tendency to the new education is evidently not very strong.

In this country, while the interest in college education was never more general, and when our larger universities are beginning to count their pupils by the thousand, the drift toward the changes contemplated by the educational reformers is decided. In a thoughtful article in the current number of the *Educational Review*, President Hyde, of Bowdoin College, says that "Latin, Greek, and mathematics, having been for generations the traditional requirements [for entering college], have become the objects of superstitious veneration." This is not said to depreciate the value of these studies in mental training, for that is not President Hyde's view. It is only an illustration of his conviction that a change in entrance requirements is impending which will discard the superstition, and "require for admission mathematics and English, as at present, ability to read easy prose at sight in Latin, and either Greek, French, or German, and evidence of a thorough course in experimental science."

In confirmation of this view, the *Evening Post* recently pointed out that of the total increase of 361 students this year at Harvard, there is a gain of 117 only in the academic department; and at Yale, of the estimated gain of 200, only 60 are in the classical department. The Yale classical Freshman class of 259 last year gains 11, but the Freshman class of the Scientific School rises from 137 last year to 201 this year. It would be found, undoubtedly, that the impulse which develops so strongly and rapidly the scientific tendency of study is essentially different from that of the classic or traditional academic tendency. The latter contemplates pure intellectual culture and delight; the former aims more directly at palpable results. The actual situation of the country, its vast material opportunities and prosperity, stimulate the former. The latter chastens a material tendency which needs restraint rather than excitement.

DONNYBROOK.

The outburst of feeling which followed Parnell's death was not a sign of returning confidence in the leadership of his followers. The factional rage and riots which have distinguished the election of his successor at Cork have drawn from Lord Salisbury the remark that "what we have recently seen in Ireland has not altered our policy, nor has it made us think that a domestic legislature in Ireland would be distinguished by peace, or abstinence from the use of blackthorns, or by freedom from the curse of ecclesiastical domination." The election resulted in the overwhelming defeat of the Parnell faction, and it is now clear that what Parnell had lost, the real command of the Irish party, no man of his faction is likely to regain.

He has left no successor, no Irishman upon whom the whole party can unite, and while the quarrels continue no progress in the general cause can be expected. Already, also, the consideration of Mr. Gladstone's successor as the Liberal leader has begun, and as the condition of Sir Vernon Harcourt's eyes, which is very serious, apparently removes him from the succession, there is great doubt of the choice. No man is better equipped for the place, probably, than Mr. Morley, but his religious views and certain supposed tendencies in his writings would probably injure his prospects.

It is plain, however, that Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell have carried the chief Liberal issue, the Irish cause, so far that it must continue to remain a chief issue in British politics until it is settled favorably to Ireland. It is evident that the question will disturb and delay Parliament until some form of local legislature is granted. The by-elections in England show no Tory reaction or apprehension of disaster from the gratification of the Irish wishes. It seems safe to say that unless the danger of a division of the empire can be demonstrated as a result of success of the Irish agitation, it will practically succeed, Donnybrook having its counterpart in many an English election riot.

A FORMER GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.

The tendency to erect statues to distinguished men immediately upon their deaths should be restrained for many reasons, and among them is the fact that the sense of loss and the emotion of the moment are not a fair test of the comparative greatness of the man. A community should not cheapen such memorials by turning them into mere mortuary monuments. There are many statues in New York, but many of the really greatest New-Yorkers are yet to be commemorated. At the opening of the new Mercantile Library building, the other day, Mr. Hewitt remarked that in this city the only monument of De Witt Clinton, the Governor of New York who did most for the city if not for the State, is Clinton Hall.

The earlier Governor, John Jay, a native of the city, also lacks a statue; and another son, Washington Irving, has but a memorial bust. De Witt Clinton was a doughty political fighter, and he used all the weapons familiar in party warfare. But he is a very eminent figure in the political history of the State. Among the Governors there are many very much smaller than he, but not many who are much greater.

A day and an event which Mr. Hewitt distinguished by a noble discourse, the day of the opening of the Brooklyn Bridge, recalled that other great day in the annals of the city when De Witt Clinton poured water from Lake Erie into the ocean water of the bay of New York, symbolic of the work which his persistent energy had accomplished. It is curious how little known is so great a man and so eminent a public officer to this political generation in New York. How many, for instance, of the representatives that the city has just elected to the Legislature have ever heard of De Witt Clinton, or could give any account of him? He is probably as much unknown to them as most of them are to the city.

THE BERING SEA ARBITRATION.

The agreement to submit the Bering Sea dispute to arbitration, which was announced incidentally by the Attorney-General and Solicitor-General during the argument in the *Sayward* case in the Supreme Court, is a happy but tardy conclusion of the correspondence of about five years between the two governments. During the long controversy there has not been much public interest in it, and very little knowledge of its merits. The interest, indeed, was really so slight that there has been no probability at any time that serious consequences would follow, except as the result of some flagrant insult to the flag of either of the countries.

Nothing is known as we write except the important fact of the agreement to arbitrate. There is a treaty containing the terms of the arbitration which is yet to be submitted to the Senate. But there is no reason to doubt that the Senate will confirm it. This result is very fortunate as another acceptance of a principle of pacific settlement of disputes between the countries. The precedent of the Geneva arbitration is one which this action confirms, and all differences between the two countries ought to be settled in the same manner.

It is a pleasant coincidence that Mr. Frank B. Carpenter's picture of "International Arbitration," representing "the High Joint Commission" of 1871, should be finished and bought and presented to the Queen just as this new instance of the reasonable adjustment of international discussions is announced. Like his picture of "Signing the Emancipation Proclamation," it is a commemoration of one of the most significant events of the time.

A SIGNIFICANT SIGN.

The first important appointment after the election in this State was that of ex-Senator Grady as Police Justice in the city. The appointment was made by the Mayor, who is an agent of Tammany Hall. It is not the long term and the high salary, but the total unfitness of the appointment, which is conceded on all sides, that makes its importance to the public welfare.

The character and power of the office of Police Justice, and the necessity of divorcing it from party politics, were clearly and strongly stated by ex-Mayor Hewitt three or four years ago, and this first-fruit of the election gives greater significance to the wise words of Mr. Hewitt, who is certainly not the least able, upright, and public-spirited of New York Democrats, just before the late election—"If we are to give our votes in view of future contingencies, without regard to present conditions, we shall never be able to secure good government."

The appointment of Grady was a peculiarly ungracious act toward Mr. Cleveland, who as Governor had written, in October, 1883, to John Kelly, the late Tammany boss, that he was anxious, not only for his own comfort and satisfaction, but in the interests of good legislation and legislative reform, that Grady should not be re-elected State Senator. Kelly and Tammany turned upon Mr. Cleveland, and Grady led the opposition to his nomination in the National Convention. Mr. Cleveland, for political reasons, thought it best in the late campaign to favor the aims of Tammany, as he did in urging the election of Mr. Fellows four years ago. But there is no reason to suppose that he believes Tammany to be his friend, and for the best of reasons, namely, its knowledge that it could not control his official action. Tammany will seek to defeat his nomination if in its judgment circumstances promise the success of such an effort.

PERSONAL.

The scheme inaugurated some months ago by John Armstrong Chanler for giving worthy art students of this country a term of foreign study has met with gratifying encouragement. In New York a fund, the income of which—about $900 a year—is sufficient to pay the expenses of a student in Paris, was subscribed by Mr. Chanler and his friends, and on the 9th of October a competitive examination was held before a committee of the presidents of the local art societies. The result of the examination was the selection of Mr. Bryson Burroughs, of the Art Students' League, as the candidate most worthy to receive the benefit of the fund for the first five years. Mr. Burroughs, taking advantage of his good fortune, will sail for Europe at once.

—New-Yorkers who saw Charles Dickens when he visited this country a generation ago are reminded very vividly of him when they meet Sir Edwin Arnold, who resembles no one else so strongly as he does the famous novelist. Sir Edwin Arnold has grown somewhat gray since his former visit to the United States, but his health is no less vigorous. He presents a much more satisfactory appearance on the platform than have most English lecturers and readers. His voice is clear, his gestures free and unaffected, and he reads with great animation.

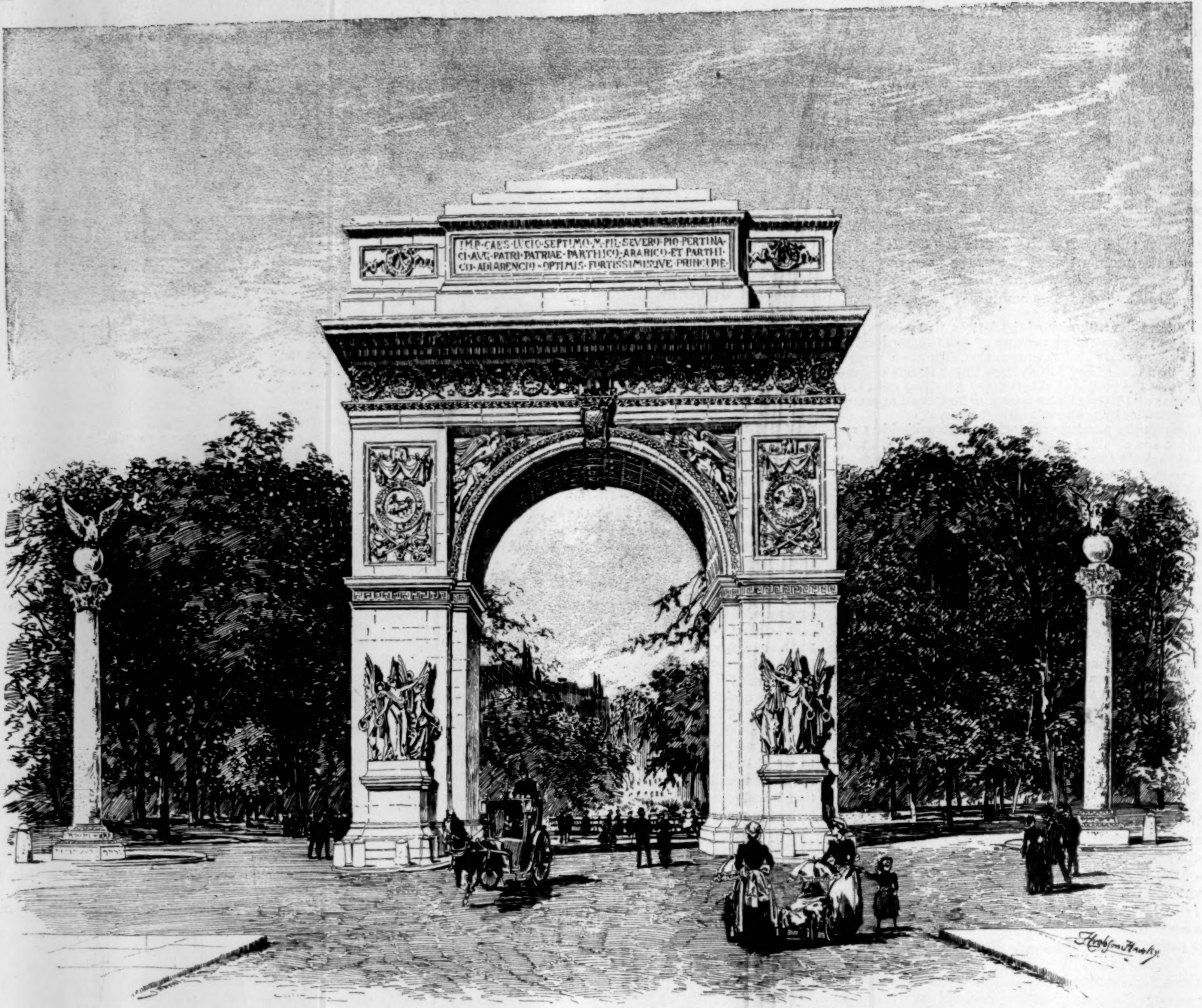
—Lady Henry Somerset, President of the British Woman's Temperance Association, and now lecturing in this country, is a woman of very many accomplishments. In addition to her beauty and dignity of character, she is a very clever artist with pencil and brush, and is highly skilled in embroidery. She has the gift of oratory, and her speeches are marked with undeniable eloquence. Besides her large charities among the London poor, she has shown how genuine her interest is in her cause by descending into the mines of Wales to hold services underground.

—The elaborate tomb which Walt Whitman has had built for himself in Harleigh Cemetery, near Camden, New Jersey, is a reproduction in solid granite of a portion of King Solomon's temple. The door is a single piece of stone six inches thick, and five broad slabs cover the roof. Within are eight catacombs of marble. No bolts or rods or other ordinary fastenings have been used, the huge blocks of granite being strongly joined together with mortises. The tomb has been constructed to endure for centuries.

—The only American whom the King of Siam has ever deemed worthy to wear the decoration of the Sacred White Elephant is General J. A. Halderman, of Kansas. The rarity of the honor conferred on him is indicated by the fact that only two other English-speaking persons, Queen Victoria and Sir Edwin Arnold, have been likewise distinguished by the favor of the Oriental King.

—Arthur James Balfour, the English leader, is a bachelor, and about forty-three years old. He has ample means, contributes to the magazines, is fond of society, and has a decided taste for art, his London residence containing a remarkably fine picture-gallery. Thirteen years ago he was Lord Salisbury's private secretary, and now there is talk of his succeeding his former master. He has a very great fondness for the open-air game of golf.

—A familiar figure on the streets of Philadelphia is that of James Campbell, Postmaster-General during President Franklin Pierce's administration, and the oldest surviving cabinet officer in the country. Among his colleagues during the term from 1853 to 1857 were William L. Marcy, Secretary of State; Caleb Cushing, Attorney-General; Jefferson Davis, Secretary of War; and James Guthrie, Secretary of the Treasury. The cabinet is said to be the only one in the history of the country to go through an administration of four years without a break. Mr. Campbell is quite vigorous for one eighty years old, and continues to practise law and to preserve a keen interest in politics.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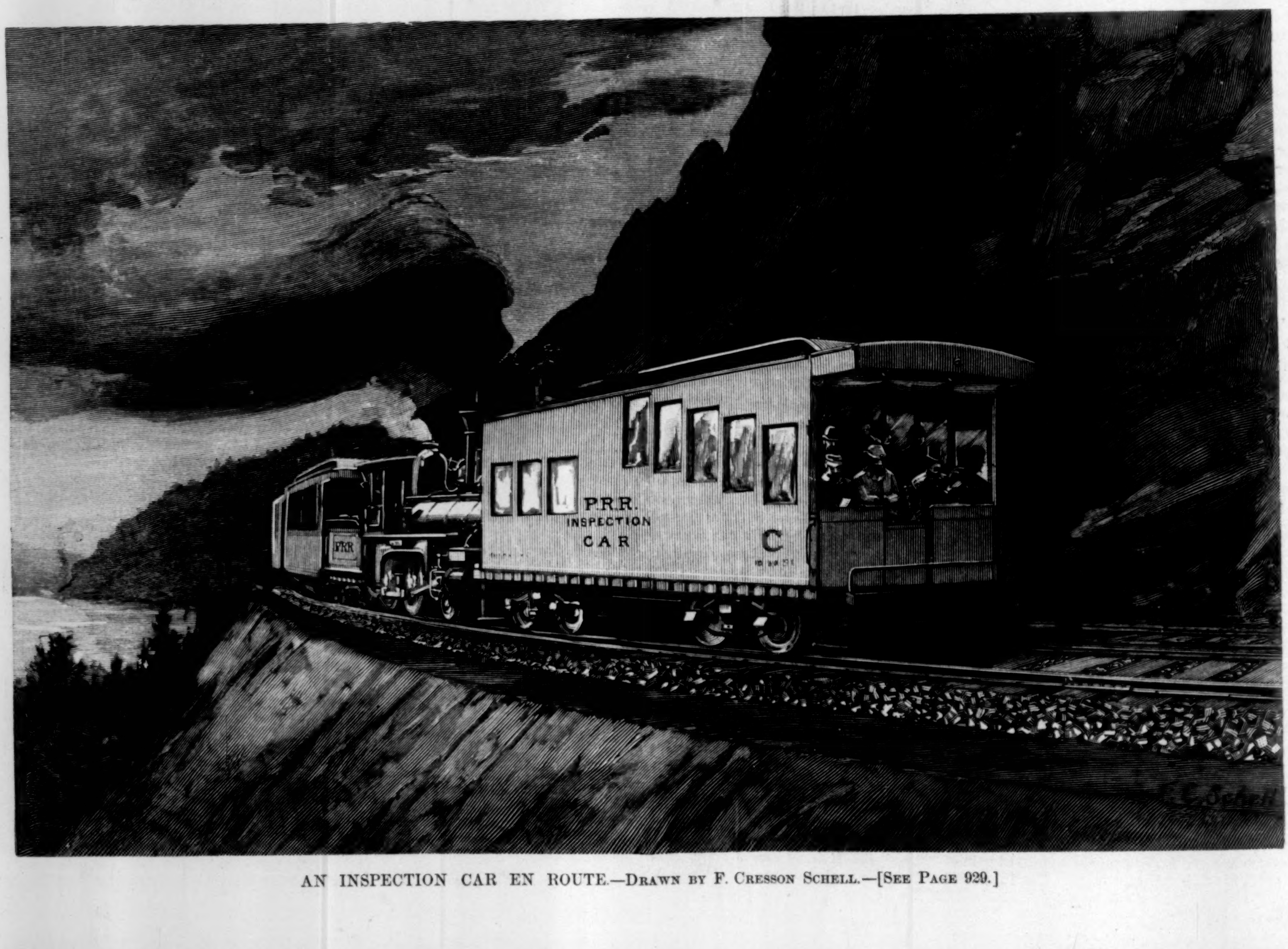
Hughson Hawley

THE WASHINGTON ARCH, WASHINGTON SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.—DRAWN BY HUGHSON HAWLEY.—[SEE PAGE 929.]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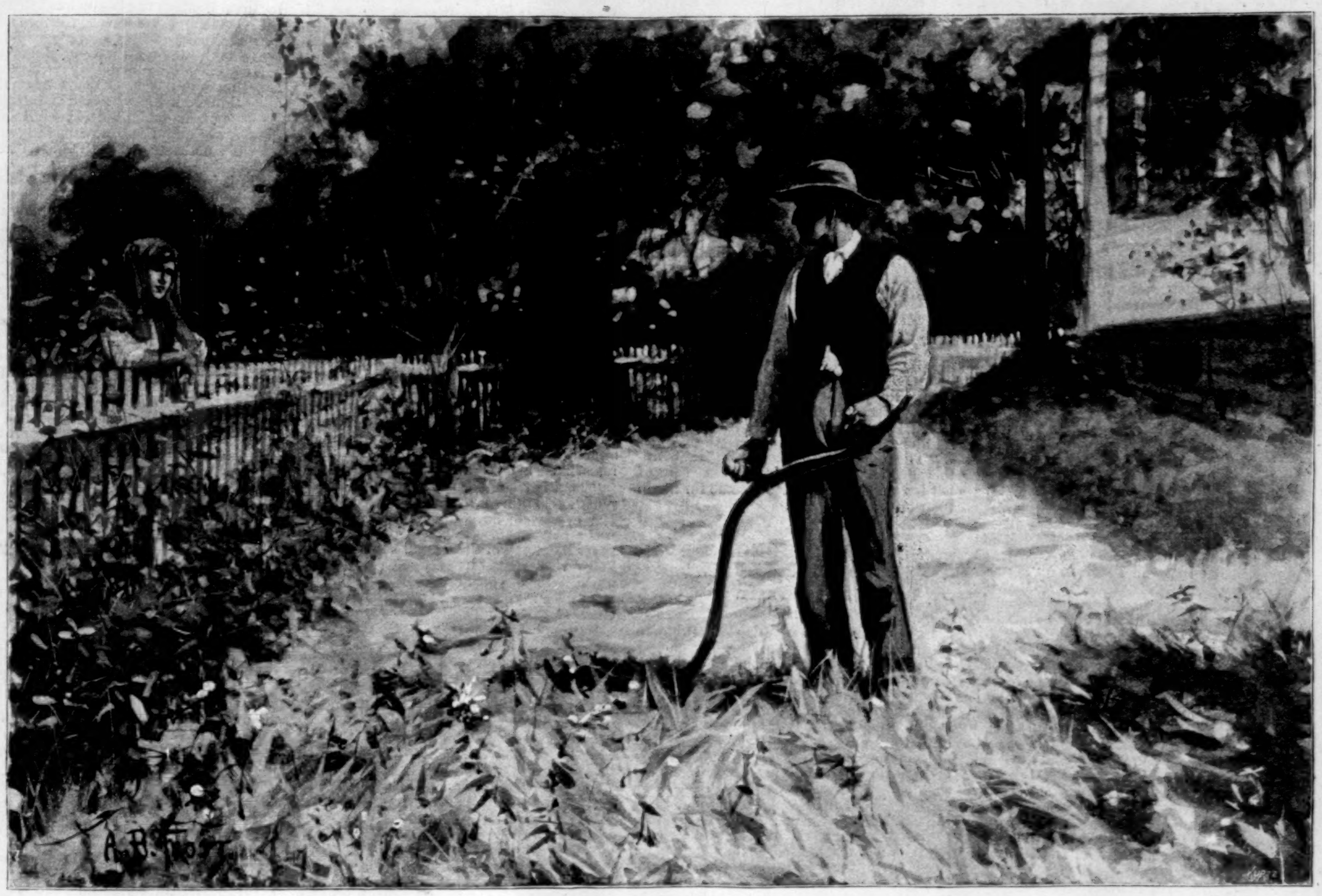
AN INSPECTION CAR EN ROUTE.—DRAWN BY F. CRESSON SCHELL.—[SEE PAGE 929.]



A SADDUCEE.

BY EVA WILDER McGLASSON.

THE people who had rented the little red cottage to the right of the Shakers' toll-gate had moved out, leaving things, as usual, much the worse of their brief occupancy.

"I shall take it on myself to cut the grass and mend the front shutter," said Brother Boone Hinson, as he drove past, and saw golden-rod shamelessly flaunting itself among the knee-high weeds in the scrap of a yard.

It was Shaker land clear to the Kentucky River, two miles away, and an inch of unkempt sward was a grievous offence not to be tolerated.

"It is always this way with tenants," sighed Brother Boone. "I wish we didn't have to rent out our unused houses to world's people." He sighed again, casting an austere eye on the toll-gate house, a low-browed dwelling which sat scowling by the green way-side.

The girl who had come a few months ago to live with her aunt, Mrs. Meeks, the toll-gate keeper, looked apathetically at Brother Boone as she swung the pole over his mule's head.

"A worlding," considered the young man, returning her glance with disapproval, and getting a new idea of wickedness from the curling fluff of red hair over her big eyes. The mule went a little sideways as his driver turned emphatically from the Jezebel in the doorway, her black gown edged at the neck with a wisp of crape.

"Always Shakers!" she thought, following him with weary eyes. "I wish some one else would pass by just now and then."

She kept on looking at Brother Boone. He was a part of it all, a portion of the deadly tranquillity which pervaded the whole secluded settlement, even to this outskirt nook where Mrs. Meeks lived.

The stone walls of the severe Shaker houses just to the southward seemed to Mrs. Meeks's niece like tombs. Centre House, gray and ponderous, weighed her heart down every time her glance struck through the intervening stretch of meadow. There was nothing to hear, nothing to see, except now and then of fine evenings, when some of the Harrodsburg young people dashed by in light buggies—mere fleeting glimpses of gayety, which only stung Nora to a remembrance of the city. She was new to country ways, and in the midst of the wild freshness of the unbuilded earth she pined for the fret of the town, the rush of traffic, the smoke, the clamor of humanity.

"It wasn't clean, of course, in Cincinnati, but I loved it," said Nora.

"Shows how little sense you got," commented her aunt, feeling ill repaid for giving her brother's child a home. "You'd of been in a fine fix if I hadn't taken you in when your paw died—not a cent in the world except what the furniture out of three rooms brought. I don't know what you'd of done, so I don't."

"I could have stood in a store," said Nora.

"*Yes*, you could!" satirically agreed Mrs. Meeks. "I know how you'd of stood in a store. You wouldn't have lasted a month. You ain't none too robust, noway. I hope you're grateful to me for bringing you to a good home, where you don't have to do a living thing except tend the toll-gate, and look after the children a little, and do the washing, and such."

"Yes, Aunt Molly."

"They ain't a many widow women would 'a' done it," complacently added Mrs. Meeks. "And me with four of my own to raise." She sighed heavily. She was a large, limp woman, lavishly endowed save in the single item of teeth. Her thin blond hair was always slipping down.

"It would be pretty if you pinned it closer," advised Nora.

"Don't matter none," reasoned Mrs. Meeks. "Sharp ploughs is mighty little use when you got no land to turn. I don't look to marry again, noway. A man 'd think twice with all these young ones. And there's nothing around here anyhow but Shakers, and they ain't the marrying kind."

"Why?" asked Nora.

"Against their laws. Don't waste no words on um, Nora, when you turn the pole for um. The women are right soft-spoken, but the men wouldn't take off their hats to a lady to save their lives. That there Brother Boone is the worst of all of um. He's too straitlaced to live."

"I liked his looks best of all," reflected Nora.

He was so unlike the young men in town, who wore narrow shoes and had watch chains draped across their vests, and were collared and cravatted within an inch of their lives. Brother Boone had broad shoulders squarely outlined under his blue cotton coat, and his dust-colored hair curled up under the wide-rimmed hat he wore.

He looked strong and wholesome and happy, and yet he was a Shaker, and had lived always in these quiet uplands where nothing ever happened.

"Shakers!" wondered Nora; "people who don't love or marry or have anything in their lives but work and prayer. Oh, I couldn't!"

She vaguely conjectured what these strange beings thought of when spring came about, and fields were fringed with wild flowers. Did the moonlight arouse no strange imagery in them? Could they look unmoved on the sky when stars stole dimly out one by one, spattering the night with silver dust? She shuddered. Better this weary life, with the four little cousins forever tugging at one's skirts and all the work to do, than a share in the emptiness over yonder where Centre House was.

She began to wonder if Brother Boone really enjoyed his life, if he never yearned to live in town, where you had neighbors handy and everything was cheerful.

A week after, as Brother Boone was laying the grass low in the yard of the unlet cottage, he was taken aback to hear himself addressed in an unusual way, after the hollow formula of the evil world.

"Oh, *Mr.* Hinson!" The toll-gate girl stood at the fence, a blue apron over her head, her sleeves rolled up.

Brother Boone turned in an attitude of rigorous attention. Certainly red hair, though held by many as a mean infliction of nature, is not altogether ugly when the sun smiles through it. And Mrs. Meeks's niece, though one of Adam's evil brood, had a kind of gentleness in her eyes—a look so warm and compelling that Brother Boone caught himself short in wondering if perhaps Mother Ann Lee might not have appeared thus when she drew men's hearts to the truth. The truth! That meant the abjuration of anything like a kindly feeling for blue eyes ringed darkly.

"What do you want?" demanded Brother Boone, coldly, feeling that attack is often the best mode of defence.

The girl looked scared. "Oh—why—I was going to ask you if you'd always lived here, seeing you pass every day. I kind of wondered if you'd ever lived in town. I'm from Cincinnati myself. Have you ever been there? We lived on the side of Mount Adams. It was real gay there. You could hear the band play in the Highland House up on top." She rushed on: "Crowds go there on summer nights. They drink beer and ginger ale, and sit around listening to the music. But maybe you've been?"

"Nay," confuted Brother Boone, in a terrible voice. "To a junketing-place where wine-bibbers congregate? Nay."

"Nice people go there," faltered Nora; "not Shakers, of course, but—you know."

"I know little of the world," Brother Boone condescended to explain. "I have been to several Kentucky towns, and nowhere else."

"Don't you get lonesome sometimes over there, where it's so quiet?" ventured the girl.

"Lonesome!" frowned he, dropping the scythe, "among so many holy people—the world's elect? I esteem it a blessed privilege to be one of them. I should be indeed wretched to live in the outer darkness."

"Should you?" said Nora. "Now *I* would rather work my fingers to the bone in the world than be one of them, a Shaker woman, and wear capes and scuttle-bonnets—"

She stopped short. Mrs. Meeks was calling her.

"Aw, Nora, look at you a-dawdling there while the dish-water cools off, and me with as lame a back as I ever had in my life. You need a good talking to, that's what. I'm too easy with you. Nothing mellers an apple so quick as freezing it."

"Good-by, Mr. Hinson," said the girl, "good-by."

"*Brother* Hinson," he corrected her. "Good-by."

"She is a frail little thing," he said to himself, slashing the weeds down. "I reckon Jane Meeks makes her work too hard. They are all idle, these world's women, this Nora, no doubt, as idle as the rest if she dared be."

One day when he went by he saw her hanging clothes in the yard. Mrs. Meeks raised the pole for him, her cold nod at variance with the tone in which she bantered a dark-browed man hanging over her porch rail.

"The evil of the human heart is past computing," declared Brother Boone. "I shouldn't wonder if Jane Meeks thinks of marrying again. If she takes up with that Joe Hutton, she will regret it; a trifling scamp."

It chanced, on a certain evening in September, that he met the red-haired girl face to face as he took a short-cut through a corn field west of Shakertown. It was well on for sunset. A languid yellow melted about the earth, golden, like a ring in which a great topaz blazed. Cow bells tinkled faint and far in the distant roadway. Two bare-legged Shaker boys were walking a stone fence hard by, shouting as they pitched about for balance.

Mrs. Meeks's niece looked whiter than ever, and her threadbare gown hung loose. Her hair was disordered, and made a misty bronze glow behind her head.

"Are you sick?" demanded Brother Boone, bluntly, stopping the way.

"No," she said. And then he saw that she had been crying, that her eyes were wet even now, as he looked into their blue depths.

Brother Boone had never seen any woman cry, save old Sister Ellen Graybill upon getting word of her son's death. The old woman had sat for days with swollen eyelids, refusing comfort, refusing even to listen when Elder Thomas pointed out to her the evil of sorrowing when earthly ties waxed slack and broke.

Brother Boone had been furtively aware of pitying Ellen Graybill, but it had been with no such wild lifting of the heart as shook him now.

"What is the matter?" he asked, with the urgent sharpness of strong feeling. "What is the matter?"

"Do you care?" She seemed surprised. "And yet I knew you were kind-hearted, for all that way you have, Brother Hinson. It's only that I don't know what—I—" She crept a little nearer, a hunted expression in her eye. "There's a man named Hutton has been coming to our house a good deal, and my aunt liked it; and I used to fix her hair every day. And then yesterday he told her it was *me*—you know—me he wanted to marry. She hasn't spoken to me since, my aunt hasn't. Oh, Brother Hinson!"

Brother Boone made a hoarse exclamation. "You are going to marry him? Nora"—he seized her bony little fingers—"would you take such a step, with these examples of holiness so close at hand? Nora, I thought you were of the base fabric of the world when I saw you first, because—I reckon it was because your face is so fair, and your eyes take the heart with a great warmth; but now you seem to me better and sweeter than any one else on earth. I can't let you walk into this gin that the devil has set to catch your heel, Nora." He drew her forward, folding her brow in his palm as with an instinct of protection.

"I thought Shakers never loved any one," said the girl, looking up at him. "But you, Brother Hinson, you—"

"I?" said he, starting away from her, with a curious pallor about his lips.

Was this indeed he—this man with a tumult in his breast like the swell of a flood? Was it he, a Shaker, or merely one who had been a Shaker till the bubble of his faith burst at the first pointing of love's finger?

"I never thought of marrying him," said Nora. "I don't like him, you know. I couldn't marry any one unless I—"

The blood spoke so eloquently in her cheek that Brother Boone's heart leaped with a comprehension of its meaning. Nora looked across the yellow field.

"He said we would live in the little brick house next to the toll-gate; the one the Shakers own; and just for a minute it seemed to me as if it would be sweet to have a home where I belonged—I can't stay with my aunt any more; and then all at once it came over me that I had seen you cutting grass in the yard of that very house, and—somehow—I knew I couldn't marry him ever—ever!"

The young Shaker's hand trembled on her hair.

"*I* am going to take care of you," he said, almost sternly, as if he were claiming a right another had infringed.

Was it so wrong, then? Was it not a man's part to shield the helpless? Reason took him down. There were the Shaker folk at a mere stone's-throw; he might take the woman he loved to their wide doors, and give her to their charge.

He might; but Nora loathed the austere life of the community. She was made for tenderness, for little household offices. In the swiftness of a lightning flash he saw her sitting by an evening fire, the lamp-light on her pretty unshorn, uncovered hair, her attitude that of a woman who needs only to look up to catch a gentle glance from—Mother Ann? Was it not his own face she seemed to seek? The whole world appeared to fade out. The sun was quite gone down now, and it was very still. And then suddenly a clear sound swung through the hollow twilight.

Centre House raised its gray old walls just to the southward, its tiny window lights as black as if eternal night held sway within. On its square belfry the iron bell careened slowly, giving out the evening hour.

The man in the corn field held his soul fast in his teeth. The woman studying his face read the significance of its strained lines, of the drops of sweat on its temples; and her own face, on which a certain tranquillity had shone, grew something paler. She drew his hand from her head and kissed the palm.

"I know, dear," she breathed; "you would give it all up for me, wouldn't you—that life you love?" She went on gently, "If I would let you."

She paused, listening. Was that a sound of footsteps crushing through the stubble? She turned in time to catch the swaggering advance of a man's figure, its throat bound in a scarlet handkerchief, its dark face gaping with surprise.

"Hello! 'S thet you?" accosted Mr. Hutton's voice. "And this—why, blame 'f 'tain't Bro' Boone Hinson! Heh! heh! Ain't this a little out of your line, Bro' Boone, a-talking to the gyrls, hunh? Bein's I'm going your way, Nory, I'll see you home. Say, Bro' Boone, heard the news, hev you? Me and Nory's got it fixed up. I saw parson today. Come on, sis."

He winked at her cheerfully, but Nora shrank away.

"Not with you," she said—"not with you." And then she made a little gesture toward the Shaker village. "I am going there."

Mr. Hutton's face expressed blank incredulity. "Going whar? Over to Shakertown? What for?"

"To live," said the girl.

"To live?" exclaimed her suitor, in the sinuous accents of amazement. "You 'ain't got your right mind, hez she, Bro' Boone? The Shakers ain't takin' in any new members no more. You'd better come on home with me. You 'ain't got your right mind, I keep tellin' you. Come on." He laid hold of her arm, and then rather suddenly he loosed his grasp, for Brother Boone Hinson set him aside with a forceful hand.

"The Shakers will take her in," said Brother Boone, composedly, "and take care of her for me till I can make a home for her in the world."

"THE HONOR OF A GENTLEMAN."

BY C. A. PRATT.

I.

BECAUSE there was so little else left him to be proud of, he clung the more tenaciously to his pride in his gentle blood and the spotless fame of his forefathers. There was no longer wealth nor state nor position to give splendor to the name, but this was the less sad in that he himself was the sole survivor of that distinguished line. He was glad that he had no sisters—a girl should not be brought up in sordid ignoble surroundings, such as he had sometimes had to know; as for brothers, if there had been two of them to make the fight against the world shoulder to shoulder, life might have seemed a cheerier thing; but thus far he had gotten on alone. And the world was not such an unkindly place, after all. Though he was a thousand miles away from the old home, in this busy Northwestern city where he and his were unknown, he was not without friends; he knew a few nice people. He had money enough to finish his legal studies; if there had not been enough, he supposed he could have earned it somehow; he was young and brave enough to believe that he could do anything his self-respect demanded of him. If it sometimes asked what might seem to a practical world fantastic sacrifices at his hands, was he not ready to give them? At least, had he not always been ready before he met Virginia Fenley?

She reminded him of his mother, did Virginia, though no two women on God's green earth were ever fundamentally more different. Nevertheless, there was a likeness between the little pearl-set miniature which he cherished, showing Honora Le Garde in the prime of her beauty, and this girl who looked up at him with eyes of the selfsame brown. Surely Virginia should not be held responsible for the fact that a slender graceful creature with yellow hair and dark-lashed hazel eyes, with faint pink flushes coming and going in her cheeks, and the air of looking out at the world with indifference from a safe and sheltered distance, was Roderick Le Garde's ideal of womanhood, and that he regarded her, the representative of the type, as the embodiment of everything sweetest and highest in human nature. Virginia's physique, like Roderick's preconceptions of life and love and honor, was an inheritance, but a less significant one; it required an effort to live up to it, and Virginia was not fond of effort.

His feeling for her was worship. Virginia had not been looking on at the pageant (Roderick would have called it a pageant) of society very long, but she was a beautiful girl and a rich one; therefore she had seen what called itself love before.

As an example of what a suitor's attitude should be, she preferred Roderick's expression of devotion to that of any man she knew. He made her few compliments, and those in set and guarded phrase; except on abstract topics, his speech with her was restrained to the point of chilliness; even the admiration of his eyes was controlled as they met hers. But on rare occasions the veil dropped from them, and then—Virginia did not know what there was about these occasions that she should find them so fascinating; that she should watch for them and wait for them, and even try to provoke them, as she did.

Worship is not exactly the form of sentiment of which hopelessness can be predicated, but Roderick was human enough to wish that the niche in which his angel was enshrined might be in his own home. He let her see this one day in the simplicity of his devotion.

"Not that I ask for anything, you understand," he added, hastily. "I could not do that. It is only that I would give you the knowledge that I love you, as—as I might give you a rose to wear. It honors the flower, you see," he said, rather wistfully.

She lifted her eyes to his, and he wondered why there should flash across his mind a recollection of the flowers she had worn yesterday, a cluster of Maréchal Niels that she had raised to her lips once or twice, kissing the golden petals. She made absolutely no answer to his speech, unless the faintest, most evanescent of all her faint smiles could be called an answer. But she was not angry, and she gave him her hand at parting.

In spite of her silence she thought of his words. The little that she had to say upon the subject she said to her father as they were sitting before the library fire that evening.

John Fenley was a prosperous lumberman, possessed of an affluent good-nature which accorded well with his other surroundings in life. Virginia was his only child, and motherless. She could not remember that her father had ever refused her anything in his life; and certainly he had never done so while smoking his after-dinner cigar.

"Papa," she began, in her pretty, deliberate way—"papa, Roderick Le Garde, among other people, is in love with me."

Her father looked up at her keenly. She was not blushing, and she was not confused. He watched a smoke ring dissolve, then answered, comfortably, "Well, there is nothing remarkable about that."

"That is true," assented Virginia. "The remarkable thing is that I like him—a little." Her eyes were fixed upon the fire. There was a pause before she went on. "I have never liked any of them at all before, as you know very well. I never expect to—very much. Papa, you afford me everything I want; can you afford me Roderick Le Garde?"

"Do you know what you are asking, Virginia, or why?" he said, gravely.

"I have thought it over, of course. Couldn't you put him in charge at one of the mills or somewhere on a comfortable number of thousands a year? Of course I can't starve, you know, and frocks cost something."

"My daughter is not likely to want for frocks," said John Fenley, frowning involuntarily. "You did not take my meaning. I wish your mother were here, child."

"I am sufficiently interested, if that is what you mean," said Virginia, still tranquilly. "He is different, papa; and I am tired of the *jeunesse dorée*. Perhaps it is because I am so much *dorée* myself that they bore me. Roderick has enthusiasms and ideals; I am one of them. I like it. You, papa, love me for what I am. It is much more exciting to be loved for what one is not."

Her father knit his brows and smoked in silence for a few minutes. Virginia played with the ribbons of her pug.

"Marylander, isn't he?"

"Something of the sort; I forget just what."

"H'm!"

"Le Garde isn't a business man," John Fenley said at length.

"Isn't he?" asked Virginia, politely smothering a yawn.

"Is he? You know enough about it to know how important it is that any man who is to work into my affairs, and ultimately take my place, should know business and mean business, Virgie. It is a long way from poverty to wealth, but a short one from wealth to poverty."

"Yes," said Virginia, "I know; but I also know enough about it to be sure that I could manage the business if it became necessary. You and I are both business men, dear. Let us import a new element into the family."

Fenley laughed proudly. "By Jove! I believe you could do it!" A little further silence; then, "So your heart is set on this, daughter?"

"Have I a heart?" asked Virginia, sedately, rising and leaning an elbow on the mantel as she held up one small daintily slippered foot to the blaze.

II.

Long afterward he used to wonder how it had ever come to pass—that first false step of his, the surrender of his profession, and so of his liberty. Before middle life a man sometimes forgets the imperious secret of the springs that moved his youthful actions. In reality, the mechanism of his decision was very simple.

"How can I give up my profession?" he asked Virginia.

She smiled up into his eyes, her own expressing a divine confidence. "But how can you give up me?"

Though his doubts were not thereby laid to rest, the matter was practically settled, and it was understood between them that he was to accept her father's unnecessarily liberal offer, and take his place in John Fenley's business as his own son might have done. This may have been unwise, but it was not unnatural, and if there was any unwisdom in the proceeding, it was apparent to no eyes but Roderick's own. Other people said what other people always say under such circumstances—that young Le Garde was in luck; that he would have a "soft snap" of it as John Fenley's son-in-law; that he had shown more sagacity in feathering his own nest than could have been expected of such an impractical young fellow. They did not understand his chill reserve when congratulated on this brilliant bit of success in life. If they had spoken of his good fortune in being loved by Virginia, that was something a man could understand. The gods might envy Virginia's lover, but that he, Roderick Le Garde, should be congratulated on becoming John Fenley's son-in-law was intolerable.

He by no means pretended to scorn money, however, and he felt as strongly as did Fenley that Virginia must have it. Luxury was her natural atmosphere—any woman's perhaps, but surely hers. Other men sacrificed other things for the women that they loved. He gave up his proud independence and his proper work, and was sublimely sure that Virginia understood what the sacrifice cost him.

But it was true that he was not a business man by nature, and his first few years in John Fenley's service were not the exacting drill which would have given him what he lacked. Although he conscientiously endeavored to carry his share of the burden and do well what fell to him to do, the fact was that John Fenley was a great deal too energetic and too fond of managing his own affairs to give up any duties to another which he could possibly perform for himself. Thus Roderick's various positions were always more or less of sinecures as far as responsibility was concerned, and he had a large margin of leisure as well as a sufficient amount of money to devote to good books and good horses, pursuits which met the approval of his father-in-law as being the "tastes of a gentleman."

John Fenley did not show his usual foresight, certainly, in encouraging Roderick to be in the business and not of it; but then he confidently expected to live to settle up all his own affairs, and turn his large fortune into a shape in which it would be more easily managed than in its primitive form of timber lands and saw-mills. No one could have anticipated his death, which occurred in the prime of his active life, some five years after his daughter's marriage.

Even then his son-in-law hardly took the position expected of him. His long habit of standing aside was not so easily overcome, and Mrs. Le Garde, who had a taste for affairs, and Mr. Rogers, her father's private secretary, had actually more to do with certain important transactions than the nominal head of the business.

One of these transactions was as follows:

"Mrs. Le Garde," said Mr. Rogers, being shown into the library one chilly afternoon in early October, "Macomb has cabled from Vienna to his agent here to close with us for that tract of Michigan timber, paying the price agreed upon for cash. I have had the papers ready for some time, and they only want signing. If you can come down town at once—"

Virginia looked down at her tea gown, and then at the cheerful little fire on the hearth, and her novel lying face downward on the easiest chair.

"Won't to-morrow morning do as well?" she asked, languidly.

"If you will permit me to say so, by no means, Mrs. Le Garde," said Mr. Rogers, suavely.

Something in his manner attracted her attention.

"Why not?" she demanded.

Mr. Rogers looked at the fire for a moment before replying. "You wish to realize upon the land, you see," he observed, vaguely. "The cablegram was received this morning. Macomb's agent has no choice but to act on it now. By to-morrow, or next day at the farthest, there may be reasons apparent which would justify him in declaring the deal off. It is worth your while, *and it should be made worth mine*," said Mr. Rogers, leaning upon the words, "to see that the matter is settled this afternoon. I have private advices that forest fires have started in northern Michigan—ah—somewhat in this vicinity, and their spread is greatly to be feared. I have not mentioned this to Mr. Le Garde."

Mrs. Le Garde hesitated a moment. It would be charitable to suppose that she did not understand the situation so lightly sketched in, but I am afraid she did. Mr. Rogers did not raise his eyes.

"Oh, well," she said, carelessly, "to-day or to-morrow, it doesn't signify. If you will have a notary and Macomb's agent at Mr. Le Garde's office in half an hour, Mr. Rogers, I will be there."

So it was that the papers were executed and payment made that afternoon. The next day but one, "Forest Fires. Danger to Lumber Interests in Michigan," was a prominent head-line in the morning papers.

When Macomb came home from Vienna to look after his own affairs a month later he found himself the owner of a diminished bank account and some hundreds of acres of smoking pine stumps.

He made a trip to northern Michigan to survey these latter possessions, and while there succeeded in securing some interesting statements which it pleased him to call "facts." Armed with these, he went to Roderick Le Garde, and laid his case before him.

"First of all, I want to say that I have always thought you an honest man, Le Garde," he observed, "and I wish to say that I am bringing no personal accusations, though the case looks black for you. But I know your man Rogers is a d——d scoundrel, though I fail to see how the sale could profit him, apart from its advantages to you. But you will see I have proof that he was well-informed on the day the transfer took place that that tract of timber was already on fire in a dozen places, and nothing on earth could save it from destruction. I call that obtaining money under false pretences, and I warn you if you don't desire to repurchase the entire tract at the price I paid for it, that I propose to see at once what the courts will call it."

"Much obliged for your good opinion of me," said Le Garde, dryly. "I have perfect confidence in Rogers"—this was not strictly true, but Roderick was angry—"and none at all in your so-called 'proofs.' I shall do a little investigating for myself. If I find, as I believe, that Rogers had no other information in the matter than I myself possessed, and that you have met with your losses only in the ordinary course of events, you may bring as many suits as you like, and rest assured that the Fenley estate will fight them to the last dollar. If it is otherwise—but nothing else is possible! Good-morning, sir."

III.

"Virginia! Do you mean that Rogers actually approached *you* in the matter?"

Mrs. Le Garde moved uneasily under the scorching light in her husband's eyes. It was a new experience to see anything but tenderness in his face, but she respected him for the look she resented.

"He had to consult some one, of course. You have given no attention to things of late." Her voice was irritatingly even. "Papa always said you had no head for business."

"Your father was an honest man, Virginia," cried her husband, desperately. "He would have been the last person in the world to attempt to increase his gains dishonestly."

"I see nothing dishonest about it," said Virginia, coldly. "I really think, Roderick, under all the circumstances, it would have been more appropriate if you had learned something about money in the last seven years—besides how to spend it."

Nothing dishonest!

"Don't you understand," demanded Le Garde, in a terrible voice, "that the 'commission' you paid Rogers was blackmail, the price of his 'news' and his silence?"

Mrs. Le Garde shrugged her shoulders.

Roderick rose dumbly. He knew all that he needed. The room whirled round him. How he made his way out of the house he did not know. Had he served seven years—for this? The fair house of his life, built up on the insubstantial foundations of a woman's silence and her sweet looks, was tumbling about his ears. She whom he had made his wife, who wore the name he honored though it was his own, whom he had worshipped as woman never yet was worshipped, had failed in common honesty, and taunted him with the life he had led for her sake. She had betrayed him into a shameful position. That restitution was an easy matter and might be a secret one did not make the case less hard. He could have defended her had she been disgraced in the world's eyes, but how might he defend her from himself?

It was a raw November night. As he went swiftly on, he felt the river mists sweep soft against his face. He wrung his helpless hands. "Oh, God! It is dishonor! What shall I do? What shall I do?"

No help in the murky sky above him; none in the home whose lights lay behind; none in the river that rushed along beneath the bluff—that was the refuge of a coward and a shirk. Had he not already shirked too much in life?

What must he do? He tried to think collectedly, but in his pain he could not. There were visions before his eyes. He saw Virginia as she had seemed to him seven years ago—five years—yesterday—to-night. Was it true that he had never really seen her till to-night?

Oh, that brave lost youth of his! His strong light-hearted youth, with its poverty, its pride, and its blessed, blessed freedom. If he could but go back to it, and feel himself his own man once more, with his life before him to be lived as he had planned it. How was it that he had become entangled with a soul so alien to his own? And what did a man do when he reached a point from which he could not go back, yet loathed to go forward?

He tramped on and on through the drizzling November darkness. Gradually the tumult in his heart was stilled. He became aware that the air was cold, that he was splashed with mud and rain, that he had no hat, and wore only thin evening clothes. He turned at last, his teeth chattering in his head, and plodded back.

Two things grew clear before his mind—he must settle with Macomb to-morrow, and he must henceforth assume the control of John Fenley's affairs which he had hitherto nominally possessed. Thank Heaven for the gift of work!

And Virginia?

Who was it who said that for our sins there was all forgiveness, but our mistakes even infinite mercy could not pardon? Virginia was a mistake of his; that was all. It was safer to blame himself, not her—not her. That way lay madness.

Perhaps she too had found herself mistaken. Was that the secret he sometimes fancied he saw stirring behind the curtain of her placid eyes? If so, God pity them; and God help him to play the part he had to play.

He had reached his own threshold, and his latch-key faltered in the door. As he stepped into the wide hall, a curious figure in the disarray of his fastidious attire, he caught the odor of roses—they were Maréchal Niels—floating out from the drawing-room. The rooms were warm and bright and sweet, but their cheer seemed to him oppressive, and he sickened at the faint perfume of the roses.

His wife came and put the portière aside, standing with one white lifted arm outlined against its heavy folds. Virginia always wore simple evening dress at home for her husband. She had been heard to say that it was one of the amenites that made domestic life endurable.

"How long you have been out!" she said, in just her usual sweet unhurried voice, and ignoring his dishevelled aspect. "I am afraid you are quite chilled through."

He looked at her an instant curiously—this exquisite piece of flesh and blood that was his second self for time and eternity—realizing that he did not understand her, had never understood her, could never hope or desire to do so again. Then he gathered himself together to make the first speech in the part he had appointed hereafter to play—that rôle of devoted husband, whose cues he knew by heart. As he spoke he was shivering slightly, but surely that was because of the raw outer air.

"What a charming pose!" he said. "Did I ever tell you that throughout Homer 'white-armed' is used as a synonyme for beautiful?"

FLATTERY.

ONCE on a time there journeyed through the land
A wise man, who long years had sought to find
One soul too strong for flattery to bind
And lead a willing slave at her command.
And all in vain; yet finally did stand
Before him one for modesty of mind
Far-famed. Him long he plied with questions blind,
To prove the jewel sought was now at hand.

At last he said, "You are a humble man."
A pleased look swept across the other's face.
"I trust I am." The wise man cried in pain,
"The thing I sought I have not found, nor can;
The demon pride finds here its strongest place,
Where lack of vanity hath made one vain."

EFFIE L. SMITH.

THE HORSE SHOW.

NEW YORK is just now in the midst of her two most attractive annual shows—the Horse Show and a beauty show. There are over one thousand entries for the Horse Show, but who will say how many faultlessly gowned "exhibits" there are to be in the feminine "class" returned from the summer outing to inaugurate the beginning of the winter social whirl by a week of preliminary skirmishing in the Horse Show? There is only one New York, and but one Horse Show in America where so many prize-winners may be gathered under one roof simultaneously. Socially speaking, the Horse Show is the first event on the season's calendar; from a horseman's point of view, it is an event that fills his sportsman's heart with joy. He sees many incongruous sights—scores of animals exhibited that should never have been given space, and dozens upon dozens entered in classes to which their only claim is one of pretension, but he also sees how the interest is growing every year, how the number and quality of entries have improved in the last one or two, and he hopes for better things, and accepts with thankfulness that which is. Who that has followed the annual show since it first struggled for popular recognition in '83, can fail to remark upon the great strides we have made in our horseflesh? There were, to be sure, four hundred and forty entries in that first show, but they were not of the kind we shall see this week, nor, indeed, of the kind we saw last year, or even in '88.

We are a progressive nation, and horsemen have kept abreast of the times. And the improvement has not been a fictitious one. We have gone abroad in the land, to be sure, for our stock, but we are not obliged to do so now, and possibly the day is not far off when those from whom we purchased originally will come to us in their turn for the improved product. Men like the late August Belmont, Messrs. A. J. Cassatt, W. S. Webb, Henry Fairfax, the Hamlins, S. S. Howland, and Prescott Lawrence, deserve the gratitude of American horsemen. It has been through the money and sportsmanship of these men that our horses have been bred up, and our appreciation for good stock aroused, to a proper degree of value. Of them all, Mr. Belmont's name stands pre-eminent. Few people outside of the horse-racing world have the slightest conception of the wonderful stable Mr. Belmont had in process of development. The prices brought at the sale of the stable after his death have been somewhat of a revelation of its value, but the great value of Mr. Belmont's work will never be fully appreciated until some one thoroughly conversant with the complete history of the Nursery Stud gives it publicity. Had the stable continued intact, it is safe to say it would have bankrupted every other competitor on the track. Mr. Belmont represented an era in American horse-breeding, and his memory should be commemorated by the National Horse Show Association, for his example and his work was one of their most powerful allies.

The Horse Show of this week marks another stage of our advancement in the great display of hackneys. This most useful of all breeds is a comparative late comer in our land, but the merit of the animal has made its introduction rapid and thorough. The formation of an association devoted exclusively to the American development of the hackney has been the means, especially in the year just passed, of large importations preparatory to breeding up on this side. Furthermore, the Hackney Association has added twenty-five hundred dollars to the regular prizes of the Horse Show Association for exhibits in that class, and the display this week is sure to be the finest ever made in this country. From the thoroughbred stallions to the ponies and cobs, the actual pick of the land is to be seen at the Madison Square Garden. For the first time, I believe, Mr. Cassatt will exhibit The Bard, a stallion with a marvellous history on the race-track, and one which, carrying top weight, defeated the then great Hanover. Mr. S. S. Howland's Arab prize-winner Leopard unfortunately will have no competitors, there being no other entries in his class.

The Hamlins' stock will be out in full numbers, and this year has several strong competitors. Mr. Prescott Lawrence's Fashion and Mr. Cassatt's Little Wonder—two animals so familiar, and dear to us too, we never think of passing without a nod of recognition—will occupy their old place in the hearts of the spectators, notwithstanding the great number of their kind that have been added in the past year. We shall not forget that these two have been the American pioneers. There are some rare entries in the class for stallions 15.2 hands or over, and in the coaching stallions Mr. Webb will show Javannais, a beautiful French animal. The display of animals in harness will be the finest of any previous year; singles, doubles, tandems, and fours will all be represented, and the competition for the prizes will be exceptionally close. As for the saddle-horse and hunter entries, the display will be superb. Indeed if we continue to improve as we have in the last year or two, our annual Horse Show will be the finest in the world. The number of entries in each class and the judges are as follows:

Thoroughbreds	3
Arabs	1
Trotters	51
Roadsters	11
Clydesdales	0
Normans	1
Hackneys	97
Coaching stallions	1
Horses in harness	71
Carriage-horses	41
Tandems	14
Four-in-hand teams	6
Cobs, two classes	60
Ponies, two classes	56
Saddle-horses	94
Galloways	12
Pony stallions and broodmares	26
Hunters and jumping classes	205
High jump	14
Police horses	0
Park police horses	20
Miscellaneous	269

Messrs. J. G. K. Lawrence, J. H. Bradford, James Galway, Dr. A. Smith, judges of thoroughbred stallions and Arabs.

Messrs. David Bonner, W. B. Dickerman, Courtlandt D. Mass, A. C. Hall, judges of trotters and roadsters.

Messrs. George C. Clausen, E. F. Bowditch, Dr. A. Smith, judges of Clydesdales, Normans, and Shires.

Messrs. Thomas Mitchell, S. S. Howland, and Dr. McEachran, judges of hackneys.

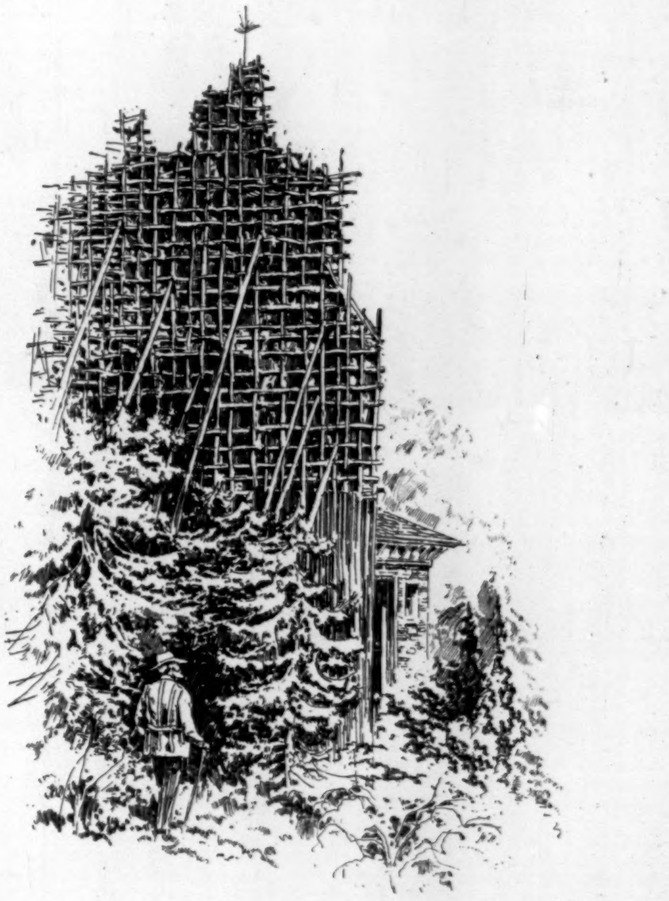
Messrs. Colonel William Jay, A. J. Cassatt, and Colonel S. D. Bruce, judges of coaching stallions.

Messrs. F. K. Sturgis, J. R. Roosevelt, G. P. Wetmore, and Fred Bronson, judges of carriage-horses and cobs, and ponies in harness, tandems, four-in-hands, and high steppers.

Messrs. H. L. Herbert, Prescott Lawrence, and Alex. B. Duncan, judges of cobs and ponies under saddle, and for breeding purposes.

Messrs. W. C. Gulliver, George C. Clausen, and J. G. K. Lawrence, judges of saddle and police horses.

Messrs. H. L. Herbert, J. D. Cheever, Dr. Green, and W. Austin Wadsworth, judges of hunters.



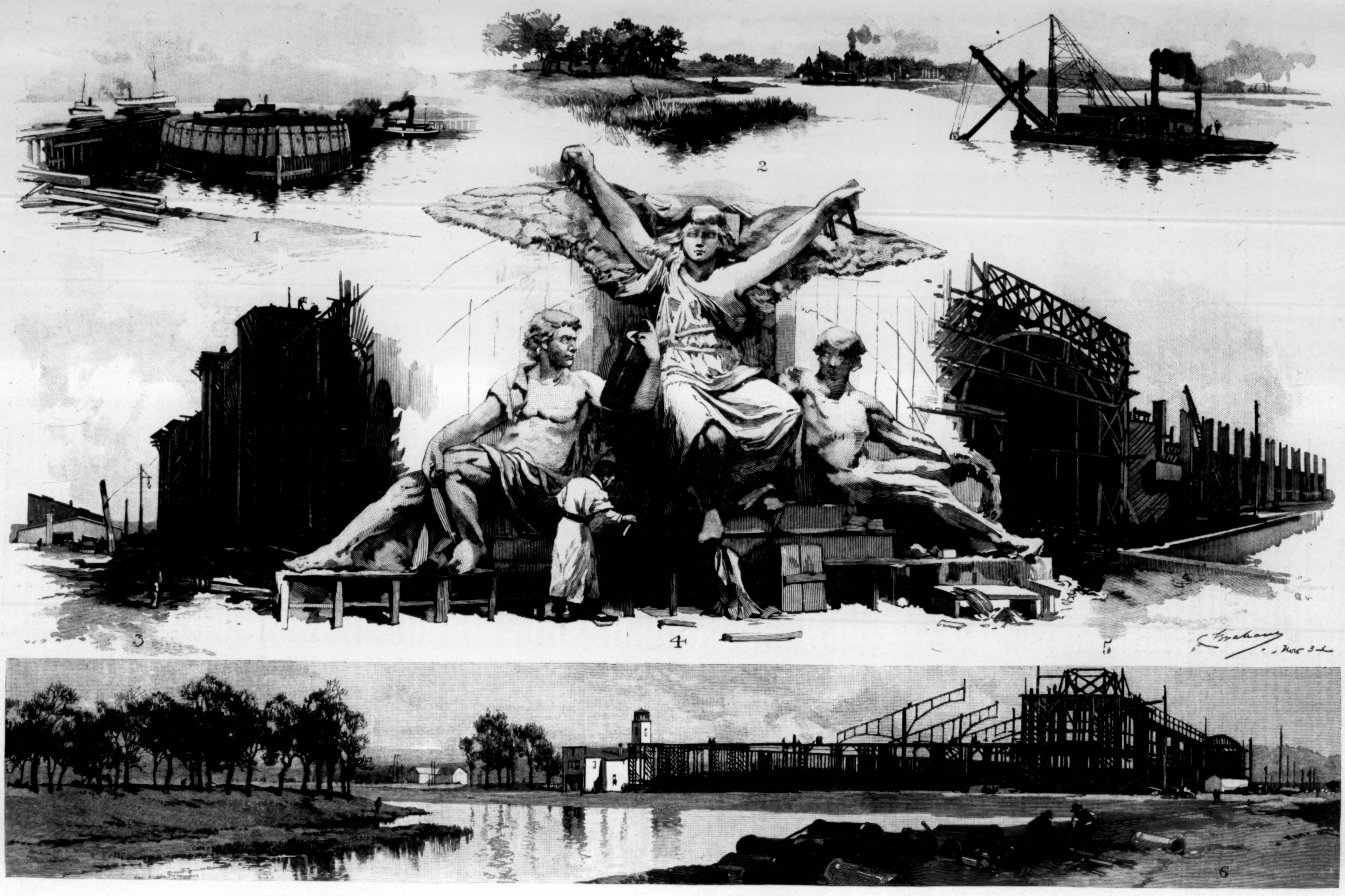
PROFESSOR TYNDALL'S HOME—THE SCREEN, SHOWING A PORTION OF THE STABLING.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL—HIS SCREEN.

ONE of the privileges of genius is eccentricity; in fact, this blind world often mistakes eccentricity for genius, so often are they allied, but that is a rule that should only work one way. The genius does not pose; he simply doesn't care about conventionalities, and seeks to please his own sweet self without regard for what the world may say. Then public opinion, discarded as a master, shows a spirit of submission, and acknowledges the right of genius to do as it pleases. Once in a while, however, gossip is aroused by some particularly flagrant display which may seem rather selfish.

Professor Tyndall's "screen" is suffering this fate at the present time, and people are saying things not altogether complimentary—certain things that are sure to be left out of his biography. In a recent interview with Professor Tyndall the scientist is reported to have said, "I am by nature a savage"—the writer disclaiming responsibility for this "libellous accusation." Professor Tyndall has his home at Hind Head, in the Surrey Hills of England. Not far away is the residence of the poet-laureate. Hind Head House, as it is called, is a fine structure, but from one point of view the house is hidden. The nearest neighbor of the scientist is deprived of the outlook, hence the talk. The occasion of this gossip is called the "screen"—a tall light structure of pine poles, the interstices of the cross-work being filled in with heather. Professor Tyndall is very fond of musing in his garden, "booing science" to himself, as he calls it. Now his neighbor on the south has a stable which adjoins the garden of the scientist. This stable is also to be seen from the study windows. Country landscapes, as a rule, are not improved by a stable thrust prominently in the foreground. If any one wants to "boo" science by himself, it is quite possible that a stable detracts from the pleasure of "booing." Genius is endowed with superfine senses ofttimes, and Professor Tyndall's sense of smell may be abnormally developed—another argument against the close proximity of a stable.

At any rate, the "screen" was built, and stands to-day a prominent figure in the landscape, exciting comment and incidentally immortalizing the stable possessed by the neighbor. Some people may think it is eccentric—perhaps it is—but Professor Tyndall has gained his point, and can "boo" in peace. The "screen" secures him from observation, and it is also used in the interests of science, and perhaps scientific observations may be more useful than a study of the rural landscape. But the stable, nevertheless, did it all in the first place.



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO—THE PRESENT STATE OF THE GROUNDS AND BUILDINGS.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 926.]

1. Building the Battle Ship. 2. On the Lagoon looking North. 3. Entrance to Mines and Mining Building. 4. Modelling one of the Groups for Electrical Building. 5. Entrance to Transportation Building. 6. View showing Lagoon, Island, and Mines and Mining Building in course of Construction.

CRUISING IN FLORIDA WATERS.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

Not cruising along the coast in a yacht, keeping to deep waters, entering only a few of the principal ports, and catching but indistinct glimpses of the land of sunshine. The best and most enjoyable cruising is done in a small boat drawing but a foot or so of water, or, better still, in a decked canoe, fitted for both paddling and sailing, and having a draught of only a few inches. Such a craft is light, dry, and seaworthy. In it the cruiser is his own sailing-master, and need consult only his own wishes as to his movements. The canoe can easily be transported from one stream or body of water to another in a wagon or baggage car. It can hold all the "duffle" needed on a three months' trip. In it the cruiser can go everywhere; for so universal is the distribution of water over the Peninsula State that almost none of its sections is unattainable in a canoe. Its interior is intersected in every direction by a network of rivers, creeks, lakes, and ponds, while its entire coast line is washed by a system of landlocked salt-water lagoons, sounds, and bays, that afford cruising-grounds unsurpassed for safety or interest in the world.

With a small tent, supported by the two masts of a cruising canoe, completely enclosing the cockpit, and hooked under the beading of the gunwales, the tiny craft is transformed into as cozy a sleeping, eating, and living apartment as could be desired.

This canoe tent is made of light striped drilling or awning cloth. It can be waterproofed, without materially increasing its weight, by soaking it for a day in a solution of three gallons of water, twelve ounces of lime, and five ounces of alum. After the soaking it should be thoroughly rinsed in rain-water, stretched, and dried in the sun. The openings of this tent are in the middle of each side, and in order that the flaps may be thrown back for the admission of air, each opening should be provided with an inner flap of mosquito netting or cheesecloth as a protection against insects.

The lightest and most serviceable form of shelter on shore when the weather is fine—and the canoe cruiser will always find it more comfortable to land and camp for the night than to sleep in his boat—is the Florida cowboy's "gnat-proof." This is a small square-covered tent having a flat roof. It is two and a half yards long by one yard wide, and three feet high. The top, or roof, is made of stout unbleached muslin, which may or may not be soaked in the waterproofing solution. If it is so prepared, it will not only afford protection against heavy dews and light showers, but there will be less danger of its catching fire from flying sparks. The sides and ends of the tent are of cheese-cloth. To each of the four upper corners are sewed a few inches of strong tape, by which the "gnat-proof" may be secured to four sticks thrust firmly into the ground. Beneath this easily raised shelter is spread the bedding, with the rubber blanket next the ground.

In speaking of bedding I wish to suggest that while boots, folded coats, hard cushions of various materials, and the like, form most excellent foundations for a head-rest, the cruiser will do well not to deny himself the luxury of a small feather pillow. He will do better work in the daytime for having enjoyed its comfort at night.

With the lower edges of the "gnat-proof" tucked under the blankets, it forms a barrier not only to the encroachments of all flying and crawling insects, but also to those of snakes, centipedes, and scorpions, none of which is desirable as a bedfellow. It makes no appreciable difference in the size of a roll of blankets, and is a contrivance of such practical value that the outfit of a Florida cruiser cannot be considered complete without it.

For a permanent camp, or one that is to be occupied for several weeks, Florida offers neither evergreen boughs nor bark, such as are used so effectively by the cruising canoemen of Northern waters; but it does furnish an abundance of palmetto leaves and Spanish moss. With the former a lean-to of poles can be thatched in a couple of hours so as to be impervious to rain. If something more pretentious be desired, two men can in as many days frame, with axe and hatchet, and erect, a substantial structure of posts, poles, and thatch, that is at once warm and cool, airy, commodious, and dry. The leaves may be tied to the rafters by their own filaments, or fastened to them by a single small nail driven through the stalk of each one.

These same cabbage-palm leaves, minus their stalks, form a carpet for the camp that is vastly preferable to a floor of sand, while a few armfuls of Spanish moss spread above them and covered with blankets form the most luxurious of beds. The cabbage-palm also furnishes food as well as shelter and bedding; for if the tender leaf bud of a young tree be dug out, cut into small bits, and boiled with a piece of salt pork, it proves a most palatable addition to ordinary camp fare.

The stout leaf stalks of this useful tree will serve as supports for the "gnat-proof," while the "boots," or dead stalks still clinging to the trunk, make excellent fuel for a small fire. The mucilaginous sap that flows freely whenever an incision is made in the trunk heals cuts or other wounds and burns as readily as does that of the balsam fir. A dozen other purposes are served by the several parts of this graceful palm, and to the Florida cruiser it will prove itself one of the most valuable of forest products.

For making tea, coffee, or cocoa, boiling eggs, heating a soup, frying a few slices of bacon, or cooking a dish of oatmeal in the canoe, nothing has been devised that is better than a spirit-lamp. As it will only be used in emergencies, a quart of alcohol should suffice for an entire cruise. The same alcohol would also be of priceless value in case of a rattlesnake bite. Of this, however, the danger is so slight that though I have hunted, camped, and cruised along every river in Florida during the past ten years, I have yet to meet my first live rattlesnake. A number have been shown to me after they were dead, and I have several skins of large diamond-backed rattlers killed by other people, but thus far the occupants of those beautiful skins have not troubled me, nor I them. I have met many other snakes in Florida, and among them a number of moccasins; but in every case the snake has shown the greatest anxiety to escape from my presence, and I have generally allowed him to do so.

Another bugbear that causes timid cruisers in Florida waters much uneasiness is the alligator. This ungainly amphibian may have been bold and aggressive once, before he knew any better, but in these days a cow is a monument of bravery beside him. He has been hunted and driven and shot, until now the snapping of a twig or a splash in the water fills him with a frenzy of fear. In this condition his sole idea is to reach the friendly mud at the bottom of the nearest water, and bury himself in it. He is too abjectly frightened to know or care in what direction the threatened danger lies, and no matter if you stand directly between him and the water, he will still make a blind rush for it. He may upset you in his furious progress, but he will not know it, nor will he pause to attempt any further damage.

I have slept night after night in a canoe only 28 inches wide, and showing less than two inches of freeboard, in waters swarming with alligators of the largest size. They have bellowed in my ears, and rubbed their scaly backs against my frail craft; but if I sat up, or made a movement, they would instantly disappear beneath the surface, leaving only a musky odor and a breathless stillness behind them.

But to return to our culinary apparatus. While a spirit-lamp is a useful addition to the cruiser's outfit, it should by no means be his main-stay. This, in a country so abounding with wood as Florida, should, of course, be the camp fire. For cooking purposes it should be supplemented by some kind of a fireplace or stove. One built of stones will answer very well, if they are to be had; but in most parts of Florida rock of any kind is conspicuous by its absence. Two green logs six feet long, hewn flat on the upper side, laid with a space between them of three inches at one end and a foot at the other, enclosing a hot fire of chips, knots, and chunks, form a good cook-stove. Better than either of these, however, is a very simple affair of iron that the cruiser can always carry with him, even in a canoe. It consists of six light iron rods; two of them are four feet long and a quarter of an inch thick. One foot of the length at each end is bent at a right angle, so as to form legs. These are the side pieces of the stove. They should be set eighteen inches apart, and the legs forced a few inches into the ground. Across the top of these are laid the other four rods, each of which is two feet long. This completes the stove. A slight hollow is scooped out between the sides, and the loose earth is banked against them. When this hollow is filled with glowing coals from the adjacent camp fire, and replenished occasionally from the same source, the cruiser is provided with as serviceable a cooking stove as any ordinary cruiser could wish for.

There are a few arbitrary rules that the cruiser must observe if he would cruise with safety and comfort, and among them are the following:

Always save a few dry light-wood splinters from one camp fire with which to build the next.

Always carry matches in a tightly corked bottle.

Always wear flannel under-clothing.

Always *boil* lake, river, or pond water before drinking it.

Always select a camp site before dark.

Always provide some shelter from the heavy dews that rise all over Florida from sunset to sunrise.

Never go to sleep with wet feet or in wet clothing.

Never build a fire to windward of the camp.

In Florida a shot-gun will prove more useful than a rifle. There are some deer left in the State, and it is likely that one or more of them will be seen during the cruise. There are also some bears, some panthers, some wolves, some wild-cats, and some turkeys, but it is very unlikely that any of these will show themselves. There are plenty of 'coons, 'possums, rabbits, and squirrels, all of which are good to eat. The cruiser will probably shoot more ducks and coots than anything else. The former he knows how to prepare, of course. As for the coots, he will hardly attempt to eat more than one, unless he remembers that they must be skinned and parboiled in order to fit them for the table. After parboiling, cut them up for either a fry or a stew, and cook them until tender. Thus prefaced, they are better than most ducks.

Wherever he goes, or whatever he does, if the cruiser is a true sportsman, he will never shoot or catch anything that he does not absolutely need. Florida is overrun by shoals of what are inelegantly but truly termed "bird butchers," "fish hogs," and "skin hunters"; and if the foregoing article shall afford a suggestion of aid to one of these contemptible effigies of sportsmen, I shall sincerely regret that it was ever written.

GRAND OPERA IN FRENCH AND ITALIAN.

BY HARRY P. MAWSON.

At length we are on the eve of the settlement of the much-discussed problem—Italian or German opera. I say settlement, because the coming season will effectually determine whether our public will pay five dollars a seat to hear brilliant vocalization, or whether they will prefer to return to three dollars a seat, with a fine orchestra and chorus, and a collection of indifferent actors and second-rate singers. The company which Mr. Stanton gathered about him presented often an admirable *ensemble*, resembling, in fact, a first-class stock company at one of our theatres, wherein no one member of it is individually great, but where a smooth, attractive performance is always given, the result of careful training and conscientious endeavor. Germans have always excelled in instrumental music, and in later years have far outstripped Italy in stage mechanisms and effects; but Italy still holds the supremacy for vocalization. The coming season at the Metropolitan Opera-house is to be a pitched battle between these contending hosts, the public alone deciding the result and delivering the verdict.

It is true that Messrs. Abbey & Grau's combination is decidedly polyglot in its complexion. We have Americans, Poles, Frenchmen, Italians, Germans, English, and Belgians. Jean de Reszke calls it a Russian salad. So far as public subscriptions are concerned, the outlook for Mr. Abbey is very favorable, as these have been far greater than was anticipated or could be accurately measured at the close of last season, owing to the wails of anguish and the yells of rage the Wagnerites gave vent to when it was announced that grand opera in German had been shelved *ad interim*. There can be no doubt but what Messrs. Abbey & Grau have fulfilled their promises as far as the individual strength of their organization is concerned, as the list of artists contains the names of nearly every celebrated vocalist in the world, with the possible exception of Mesdames Patti and Sembrich, always leaving out the devotees of Bayreuth and the exponents of the music drama. What the *ensemble* will develop, how the chorus will disport itself, and whether the orchestra will be a homogeneous body, yielding to the baton of Signor Vianesi a prompt and artistic discipline—all these matters are as yet pure conjecture, only to be solved by actual performance when the aggregation makes its initial bow before a New York audience.

The operas will be sung in Italian and French. Among them *Cavalleria Rusticana*, by Mascagni, which has caused so much discussion and an occasional lawsuit. Gounod is represented by two operas—*Romeo et Juliette* and the ever-welcome *Faust.* Wagner—hear ye, Wagnerites!—by *Lohengrin*, with which the Chicago season was opened, and *Der Meistersinger*. There will be no repetition of the disturbances at the Paris Opera-house. The American opera-goer is too cosmopolitan. Meyerbeer comes next on the list, with *Les Huguenots*, *L'Africaine*, *Le Prophète*, and *Dinorah*. Verdi will have in all *Aïda*, *Otello*, *Rigoletto*, *La Traviata*, and *Il Trovatore*. Mozart's ever-popular *Don Giovanni* and *Le Nozze di Figaro*, Bellini's *Norma* and *La Somnambula*, Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia* and *La Favorita*, Bizet's *Carmen*, Massenet's *Le Cid*, Reyer's *Sigurd*, Gluck's *Orfeo*, Thomas's *Mignon*, Délibe's *Lakmé*, Auber's perennial *Fra Diavolo*, Rossini's *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, Boito's *Mefistofele*, Ponchielli's *Giaconda*, Halévy's *La Juive*, and Beethoven's *Fidelio*. In this long list there are but two genuine novelties—*Le Cid* and *Sigurd;* both of which were pronouncedly successful abroad. It is not likely the entire repertoire will be given—it never is—but it is hoped these two novelties will be tried at least, as also *Giaconda* and *Mefistofele* revived.

The company numbers in all twenty-eight principals:

Soprani.

Mme. Lilli Lehman, Miss Emma Eames,
Mlle. Maria Pettigiani, Miss Ida Klein,
Mlle. Sofia Ravogli, Mlle. Mathilde Bauermeister,
Mme. Albani, Mlle. Marie Van Zandt.

Contralti.

Mme. Sofia Scalchi, Mlle. Jean de Vigne,
Mlle. Giulia Ravogli.

Tenori.

Sig. Fernando Valero, M. Victor Capoul,
Sig. Gianini-Grifoni, Sig. Roberto Vanni,
Herr Paul Kallisch, Sig. Rinaldini,
M. Jean de Reszke.

Baritoni.

Sig. An. Magini-Coletti, Sig. Agostino Carbone,
M. Jean Martapoura, Sig. Edoardo Camera,
M. Jean Lasalle.

Bassi.

M. Jules Vinche, Sig. Ludovico Viviani,
Sig. Enrico Serbolini, Sig. Antonio de Vaschetti,
M. Edouard de Reszke.

It is announced there will be a grand chorus of eighty, an orchestra of sixty-five, thirty-two *danseuses*, and a military band of thirty. Signor A. Vianesi is musical director and conductor, assisted by Mr. Louis Saar. A glance through this list shows us a number of old friends, who are to make themselves at home in any tongue. As to our portraits, *place aux dames!*

Miss Marie Van Zandt, having been so long expatriated, now addressed as *Mademoiselle*, is an American girl, born in New York, October 8, 1861. Her mother, Madame Jenny Van Zandt, had quite a reputation as a singer, having been a member of the Royal Italian and Carl Rosa opera companies, and also of the Kellogg English Opera in this country, under Mr. Maurice Grau, when he first undertook operatic management. Years ago, in Philadelphia, there held forth regularly at the old Assembly Buildings a certain Signor Blitz, prestidigitateur. The signor was a great character, and a great favorite in the Quaker City; in fact he was one of its institutions. During the great Sanitary Fair held in Logan Square the signor occupied a small room, where he gave daily séances. About a dozen Indians, who had been to Washington to visit the Great Father, had recently been brought to the fair building as one of its important "side shows."

One afternoon they were taken to attend one of the signor's performances. The signor was particularly clever at "hat tricks." Upon this occasion he suavely borrowed a silk hat from a gentleman who sat beside me, and then proceeded. First he drew forth a number of red, white, and blue silk handkerchiefs, which were quickly distributed among the Indians, which they accepted with sundry grunts of satisfaction, but never took their eyes off the hat; then the signor placed the hat on his little table, waved his wand over it, uttered several very mysterious words in German, Italian, and French, then, dropping his wand, thrust his hands into the hat, and drew forth two struggling, wriggling white rabbits. Of course there was great applause on the part of the audience. And the Indians—the Indians rose to their feet as one man, and never before nor since have I heard a genuine Indian warwhoop; and it was not one whoop, but a concatenation of them, that made the rafters ring; they howled and danced and shouted their approval.

Meanwhile the rabbits unconcernedly nibbled at the lettuce the kind signor always provided for them. Finally the riot was quieted down, after almost creating a panic, and then it was seen that Signor Blitz was missing. An open window at the rear seemed to furnish a clew to his whereabouts. A search was at once instituted, and the signor found outside, more nearly frightened to death than any man I ever saw. At last he became reassured and mounted his platform, and after apologizing to his convulsed audience, he continued his entertainment, taking precious good care to perform no more "hat tricks" before that band of Cheyennes. If I remember rightly, in those days the signor had very little hair, but his flight plainly showed that he believed those wild red men intended to give an exhibition of their legerdemain in raising scalps. Well, that dear old gentleman was the grandfather of Marie Van Zandt, who has come to sing in her native land for the first time in her career. Miss Van Zandt studied altogether under Lamperti at Milan, and in 1879 made her début at Turin as Zerlina in the opera of *Don Giovanni*. She was also most favorably received in London, at Her Majesty's, where she also appeared as Cherubino and Amina.

On March 20, 1880, she appeared in Paris as Mignon, with such success that she was immediately engaged by the Opéra Comique for a term of years, and became at once a great favorite because of the freshness of her voice and the simplicity of her style. She also played there Dinorah, and created the rôle of "Lakmé" on the successful production of Délibe's opera, April 14, 1883. On November 8, 1884, on the revival of Rossini's *Barbiere*, Miss Van Zandt was seized with a total extinction of voice arising from nervousness and physical prostration, in consequence of which calamity she was subjected to the most gross treatment and calumny by portions of the Parisian press and public. So offensive did these vile aspersions become that Miss Van Zandt sought refuge in a leave of absence. She subsequently sang in the provinces, at Copenhagen, Monte Carlo, and St. Petersburg, everywhere with gratifying success.

On her return to Paris, in 1885, her reappearance led to riotous disturbances about the opera-house. Her position was rendered so intolerable by these hostile attacks that she threw up her engagement, and left Paris. June 6th of that year she reappeared in London at the Gaiety, on the production of *Lakmé*, and renewed her former triumphs. She has a soprano voice of more than two octaves in compass—from A below the line to F in alt—with great powers of execution, being, indeed, a *colorature* singer of the genuine Italian school.

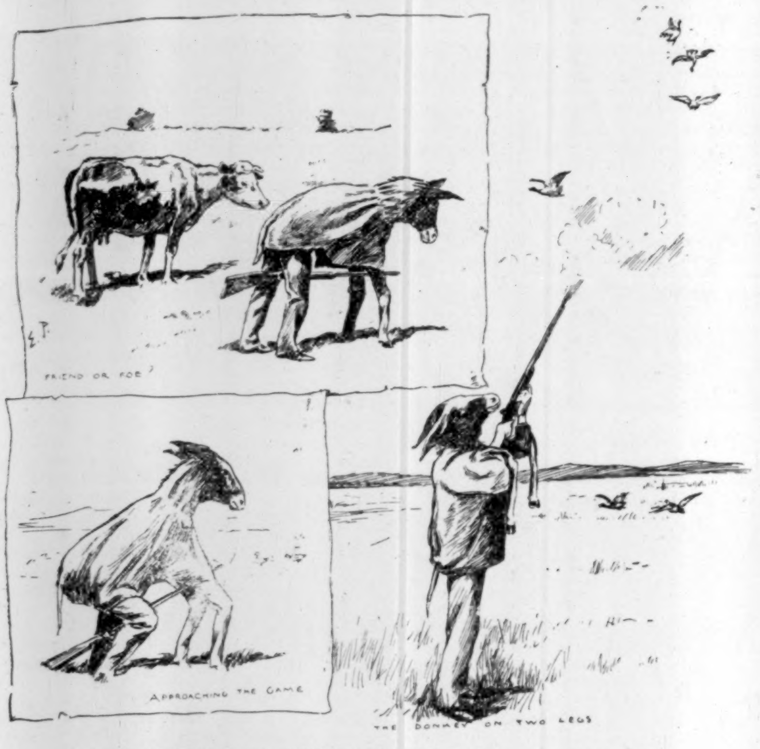
Mlles. Giulia and Sofia Ravogli are natives of Rome, where they were educated at St. Joseph's Convent. Mlle. Giulia is a contralto, and her sister Sofia a soprano. They made their joint début at Malta in 1881, when they assumed the chief rôles in *Il Trovatore*. For the past five years they have been singing in Italy, Russia, Spain, Germany, and England, everywhere meeting with universal praise for their splendid vocalization and genuine artistic work. Their great rôles are in *Aïda*, *Orfeo*, *Lohengrin*, *Semiramide*, *Huguenots*, and *Il Trovatore*. They have a brother residing in Cincinnati, a well-known physician and Italian consul there.

M. Jean de Reszke, who comes of a noble Polish family, was born at Warsaw, January 14, 1852. He was taught singing by his mother, a distinguished amateur, and at the age of twelve he sang solos in the cathedral there. Later he was given instruction by Ciaffei, Cotogni, and Sbriglia. Under the name of De Reschi, and classed as a barytone, he made his début at Venice as Alfonso (*Favorita*), in January, 1874, most successfully. Then, under his own name, he appeared at the Italiens as Fra Meletone (*Forza del Destino*), October 31, 1876. As a tenor he first appeared as Robert, at Madrid in 1879, carrying his audience by storm. His repertoire includes *Lohengrin*, *Aïda*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Othello*, *Faust*, *The Prophet*, *Der Meistersinger*, *L'Africaine*, etc., etc. In Paris, after his début there in *Le Prophète*, Duprez, one of the greatest tenors the operatic world ever heard, deeply moved by his splendid interpretation of the rôle, exclaimed, "Si ce garçon avait chanté de mon temps, je n'aurais pas existé. Je vais l'embrasser."

Quite recently I had the pleasure of an extended interview with M. de Reszke. He expressed himself charmed at what he had seen of New York, and particularly delighted with the election excitement, which was in full blast during his short stay here. He also declared our light operas were better sung, acted, and staged than in Paris, and marvelled at our theatres. M. de Reszke has been almost universally accepted as the best stage tenor since Mario.

M. Edouard de Reszke, his younger brother, born December 23, 1855, was taught singing by his brother Jean, Ciaffei, Steller, and Coletti, and made his début April 22, 1876, as the king in *Aïda* on its production at the Italiens, Paris. He has, in all, a repertory of sixty-six parts, including Marchetti's *Don Giovanni d'Austria*, Ponchielli's *Figluol Prodigo*, Indra in *Roi de Lahore*, St. Bris, the Count in *Somnambula*, Walter in *Tell*, *Le Cid*, *Patrie*, etc., etc. In appearance M. de Reszke bears, it is said, a striking resemblance to the Czar of Russia. Both these gentlemen belong in the very first walks of life, and apart from being great artists are men of breeding, refinement, and education—men of the world in the fullest sense. Both are great patrons of the turf, maintaining an extensive breeding establishment in their native country. They are enormous social favorites wherever they sing, particularly in London; in fact, they are overwhelmed with attentions and are social lions everywhere. Their great popularity is not confined alone to their auditors, but is equally great with their fellow-artists behind the scenes, even to the humblest supe. M. Edouard is married, but M. Jean is still single.

Messrs. Abbey & Grau have certainly gathered together a remarkable company of vocal stars. True to all they undertake, they endeavor honestly to have the best people to carry out their intentions. Now if this gathering proves manageable both artistically and commercially, Italian opera, as it is popularly miscalled, will take a new lease of life with the American public. Let us also hope the financial result will not be of the same nature as when Mr. Abbey opened the Metropolitan Opera-house.



HUNTING WILD-FOWL IN SCOTLAND—THE DUCKS AND THE DONKEY.

HUNTING INCOG.

One of the world's earliest short-story tellers was wont to beguile the gilded youth of Athens with a narrative that possessed a moral. The story in question was called "The Ass in the Lion's Skin," and pointed out the futility of disguises, for the animal was not a "roaring success" in his new rôle. But that was long, long ago, when birthdays were reckoned by Olympiads. To-day is different. "Adonis" Dixey danced himself to fame and fortune in the hind legs of a heifer; the young men who composed the articular interior of the elephant of Wang, Prince Regent, gained well-merited applause; and the Niblung dragon has to yield to public opinion, and respond politely to vociferous encores. Mr. Æsop would have to revise his little tale to-day to make it impressive. In London, where music halls flourish, a certain Mr. Griffiths made himself quite a lion by adopting the furry exterior of a donkey. His fame has not been confined to the music hall where he disports himself, but the disguise has heretofore been limited to the stage. A certain sportsman, however, conceived an idea that actually dazzles with brilliancy, and is on a par with trout-fishing with nets. This sportsman has donned the robe of a donkey, and utilized the idea in duck-shooting. The illustrations given are from photographs. There is a hole cut in the face to see through, and other holes in the legs for the gentleman to use his arms; and thus equipped, he has gone forth to slaughter. An interesting point in natural history is raised by the actions of the cow, proving it to be either a wonderfully intelligent or an extraordinarily suspicious creature. The wily duck, however, proves itself a bird of less discrimination, or else has a fund of confidence that it denies to man *in propria persona*.

SCENES ON A CATTLE-SHIP.

BY GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH.

The improved cattle-ship is a peculiar institution devised chiefly for the purpose of carrying dumb passengers across the stormy Atlantic to supply the beef-eating British public with the sweet juicy meat of our Western States. Recent legislation on both sides of the water has made the voyage for the cattle comparatively comfortable, and humanitarians need no longer express feelings of sympathy when the live-stock are marched into their small but carefully prepared pens. The former cruelties on board of the immense cattle-ship resulted in loss both to the steamship companies and to the owners of cattle. Shipping sickly animals created a prejudice on the other side against our beef, and the demand rapidly declined; ill treatment on the voyage frequently made the steers look so poorly that no one cared to purchase them, if they were not already condemned by the health authorities.

The law now requires that animals shall be inspected before they are shipped, and only the healthy ones can be sent across the sea. In the summer-time they are placed on upper and lower decks, but during the winter months the steamship companies are forbidden to carry them on the cold, bleak upper decks. Considering the amount of rolling which the vessel may indulge in before she reaches the other side, the question of penning the animals so as not to get hurt is very important. Instead of being in separate stalls, five or six are placed in one pen, and tied so as not to be able to gore each other, or to lie upon one another. The space allowed by law for each steer is two feet eight inches wide on the lower deck, and two feet six inches on the upper deck, and eight feet in length. From experience this has been found the best way to pen the animals, and unless the ship encounters a storm, the steers reach the other side often without a bruise or scratch.

The question of feeding on shipboard is also important to the shipper, for the animals have been found to lose a great number of pounds during their trip simply from lack of food and care. About two hundred and twenty-five pounds of hay and ninety pounds of corn meal are now allowed to each animal. Steers fed such a ration generally arrive on the other side in excellent condition, where they bring the highest market-prices, and serve to enhance the standard of American cattle in the eyes of the Britisher. As the English law requires that they shall be killed within ten days after arrival, they are generally led to the slaughter-house while in their fat condition. Every hundred head of cattle require four men to care for them during the voyage, and these cattle-men generally receive $25 for the round trip, including board and a free pass to Europe. But a trip to Europe is not of much importance to them. Some have already made the trip more times than any of our veteran travellers, one claiming to have crossed the Atlantic five hundred times.

During the heavy storms on the sea the cattle-men have their hands full, for the wild steers rebel against their narrow quarters, while the heavy rolling of the vessel threatens to break the pens to pieces. The steers are hurled about from one side to another, often breaking the partitions down, and they utter such shrieks as make the scene horrible. When one succeeds in breaking loose, he rushes through the narrow alleyways, bellowing and rolling about with every toss of the steamer, and making such a general disturbance that none but the expert hands dare approach him. At such times they are worse than when running wild upon the Western prairies. Fear and terror make them blind and heedless, and it is dangerous to approach a wild steer on shipboard without being perfectly prepared to lasso him. After escaping from the pen, they either plunge into the sea or struggle upon the deck, where they create a panic among the sailors and deck hands. A lively chase for the beast is often prolonged, for the howling of the storm and the rolling of the steamer contribute toward making it difficult. Generally the sailors are glad to see the animal plunge blindly into the sea, where the rolling waters soon drown the bellowings.

Several wrecks of cattle-ships have been reported, and one or two have caught fire while on the high seas, causing a panic among the cattle and men that cannot be too vividly pictured. The cattle were let loose as soon as possible, but they made it unsafe to launch the life-boats. They swam around until exhausted, or until overcome by the sea. The partial wreck of a large cattle-ship off Newfoundland in the middle of winter a few years ago resulted in the death of several hundred of the animals. The direct cause was that the animals were packed so closely upon the upper deck that the steamer became top heavy, and when a high sea and a heavy storm arose, she could not weather it. This danger is now averted by legislation, which prohibits close packing upon the upper deck, and compels the steamer company to distribute the cargo evenly over the vessel. Grain, provisions, apples, and general merchandise make up the rest of the cargo, but one steamer will carry from three hundred to a thousand head of cattle.

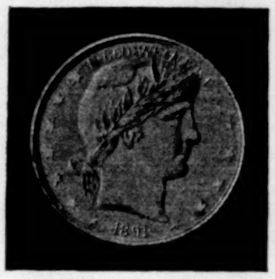
Owing to the improvements of the shipments, the transatlantic trade in cattle has increased enormously, and during the summer season between three and five thousand cattle are shipped weekly from New York, while Boston and other ports make up a similar amount. Frequently ten and fifteen thousand cattle are shipped from New York in one week, and occasionally the number goes far above these figures. Most of the cattle come from Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Kentucky, and Colorado. They are shipped East in cars which to-day are as much superior to the old-fashioned cattle-car as our modern ocean greyhounds are better than the ocean steamers of half a century ago. Many of the American live-stock cars are veritable Pullman palace cars for the cattle, and arrangements are made for feeding and watering during the railroad trip to the East. The cattle kings of the West begin to understand the importance of using every method to land their stock in New York in excellent condition, and it is due to this that the improvements have been made in the car service. Breed is not counted much by purchasers for European beef, but the short-horn blood and crosses with this breed are more common than others. They must be heavy animals, with large frames and heavy carcasses, the majority weighing between thirteen and fifteen hundred pounds.

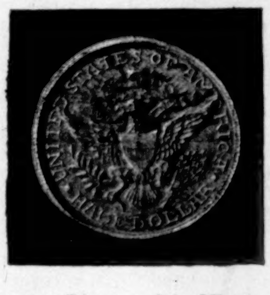
When the animals reach their Eastern destination, they are conducted to the cattle ship, where no more violence is used than if the farmer were driving them to pasture. The upper deck is usually loaded at low tide, when the gang-plank is almost on a level; then, as the tide rises, the middle or "between-decks" is loaded; and, finally, the lower deck when there is a full tide. The animals are installed in their respective places, and they become quite accustomed to the pens before the ship gets into rough water. The majority of them have a quiet voyage, but in the winter months storms and rough seas often make the trip unpleasant and disagreeable for them.

THE DESIGN FOR THE NEW SILVER COINS.

BY JNO. GILMORE SPEED.

The mountain has labored and brought forth a mouse. There was much ado last spring as to selecting a design for the new silver coins to be made by the mints of the United States. The Director of the Mint, Mr. Leech, took a great deal of advice from artists, and invited suggestions as to the design to be adopted, and then chose to have new coins modelled in the department by the engraver of the Mint. The result is now before us, and is another illustration of the truth, which Buckle carefully formulates, that as a rule the good legislative enactments are only those which repeal standing laws made by previous legislatures, and that nearly all new laws are bad. The law of Congress in regard to the new coins contained clauses which did not give a very wide discretion to the Director of the Mint in the selection of a designer for the new coins, and it also restricted the artist in any work he chose to attempt. The law said, "There shall be upon one side an impression emblematic of Liberty, with an inscription of the word 'Liberty' and the year of coinage, and upon the reverse the figure of an eagle, with the inscriptions 'United States of America' and 'E Pluribus Unum,' and a designation of the value of the coin." The Director of the Mint was further empowered to give $500 for each accepted model.





He invited a number of sculptors and artists to submit designs, but last spring many of the best men joined in a communication declining to participate in a competition in which even those who were successful would be but poorly paid for the work done. But this was not the only reason which influenced them in declining. If an American artist had felt that he was doing something to prevent his government from making an artistic blunder he would have been willing to waive the question of compensation; but the other conditions were too hard. The time given in which to make the designs was only six weeks, and this was considered too short a period during which first-class work could be done. And, again, these artists were not asked to make designs for the whole coin, but for only one side. Knowing that the department would probably employ some incompetent artisan to make the other side, artists of standing were indisposed to have their work thus spoiled by part of the coin being good, and the rest atrociously bad. The design adopted shows that this is precisely what would have happened, and the artists who foresaw such a probability were wise in their judgment. A painter making a design would have needed to ask the assistance of a sculptor or other designer as to the modelling, and it will readily be seen how very inadequate was the compensation proposed. But this was not, as has been said, the cause which impelled all of them to decline to compete, though, to be sure, some of them could have but poorly afforded to do work for nothing, even when that work was for the United States government. However, many designs were sent in, and all of them were rejected as unsuitable, though it is scarcely possible that there was not among them one or more much better than that which has been adopted, and the pictures of which are printed herewith. This is the work of Mr. Barber, who has held a position in the Mint for some seventeen years, and who is responsible for some of the other coins now in circulation.

There can be no doubt whatever that the mechanical conditions under which coinage is carried on by modern nations are somewhat adverse to the sculptor's art. That the loss in metal by abrasion shall be reduced to a minimum, the relief must be very low, and not much more than a mere film. This was not required in ancient coins, many of which were in high relief, and admitted of many artistic effects not possible to-day. Indeed, the difficulties in the way of making a good modern coin are so great that Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens did not hesitate to say that in his opinion there were only three or four men in America capable of designing a really admirable coin. "But," said he, looking at a photograph of the new design made by Mr. Barber, "there are a hundred men who could have done very much better than this. This is inept; this looks like it had been designed by a young lady of sixteen, a miss who had taken only a few lessons in modelling. It is beneath criticism, beneath contempt. I told Mr. Leech," he said, continuing, "that if he invited several Frenchmen, whose names I would furnish, to give designs, he would be able to turn out a really 'swell' coin. But it appears that this was not possible under the law. But under the law he could certainly have obtained something better than this. I then offered to give him the names of several Americans, either of whom if given a commission could have made a good design; but this suggestion of mine was not acted upon. I am opposed to going to shops for artistic designs, but he could have done infinitely better by going to either of the great silversmith establishments for his designs. There are hundreds of artists in this country, any of whom, with the aid of a designer, could have made a very respectable coin, which this is not. Indeed, I cannot see that it is any improvement in any regard upon the old coins."

Mr. Kenyon Cox, when shown the photographs of the new design, sniffed the air as though it were foul, and said, impatiently, "Every time the government has anything to do in art matters it shows its utter incapacity to deal with such things." When he was asked to express an opinion of the design, he looked at it a moment and said, "It is beneath criticism," and then added, "I think it disgraceful that this great country should have such a coin as this." Mr. Cox was disinclined to say more, for he evidently felt very strongly on the subject, and was too full of disgust at the artistic inferiority of the new design to express himself freely and still preserve his amiable politeness.

Mr. J. S. Hartley, the sculptor, who, when I called at his studio, had just put the finishing touches on his model for the heroic statue of Ericsson to be placed in the Central Park, examined the photographs carefully. Of the reverse side of the coin, which shows a heraldic eagle carrying a shield on its breast, and in its claws an olive branch and a bunch of arrows, Mr. Hartley did not think very badly, though he found nothing particular in it to praise. Of the obverse side, however, with a head of Liberty wearing a Phrygian cap and a laurel wreath, he said that it was evidently the work of an amateur who had mastered very few of the rudiments of modelling. The head he thought unintellectual, and the face even worse, as it suggested that of a disreputable woman just recovering from a prolonged debauch.

Such were the opinions of three distinguished American artists. The photographs were then shown to a dealer in coins, who is a learned numismatist, but whose relations with the Mint in his business made it inexpedient for him to criticise the work of that department in his own name. He said that, compared with really good modern coins, there was little if anything to commend in this, but he thought that after the coins had been seen, and we got accustomed to them, we would probably like them better. He confessed that he rather liked the obverse of the coin, and, as an American, he was glad that Congress had stipulated that the eagle should be preserved on the new coins. The head of Liberty he thought was very poor and unsatisfactory, and much inferior to many of the designs which in time past the government had declined to use. And he saw no reason or propriety in placing the words "In God we trust" on the coin.

Several designers were also visited, and to them were the photographs shown. Without exception they pronounced the work to be devoid of merit, and no improvement whatever on the old coins. Such seems to be the universal opinion of the new design of those qualified to judge in such matters. But it has been adopted, and on the 1st of next January the mints will begin stamping the coins with dies made from Mr. Barber's design. And so it will continue until Congress does a good act by repealing a bad law, and enable the government officials to secure the services of men competent to make designs more worthy of the country.

A PRIVATE OF INFANTRY.

BY GEO. I. PUTNAM.

WE of the infantry who served in Texas during the seventies never liked to camp at that spring in the cañon over to the west of Dry Lake. The water was good and the camp sheltered, which was more than could be said for Camp Charlotte. Old Camp Lancaster we didn't mind; but Lancaster was abandoned just then, and when we took the trail between Charlotte and Fort Stockton, we had to stop at that spring or make a dry camp, which was the height of discomfort. The cavalry professed not to mind it; we were willing they should have it. We in the light foot thought it was unlucky. I don't know what the officers thought, though I have seen them look—that way, you know—sometimes when speaking of the place. But the rank and file—the fellows who carried the Springfields and wore the cartridge-belts—shivered at it; all but Armstrong; he laughed. No amount of example had any effect on him. He said it was all superstition. I don't know about that. He had been a college man in the East before he changed his name and enlisted; and some of us didn't know enough to sign our names to the pay-rolls. But we knew, without having been to college, that every infantry command that camped there was sure to strike hard luck somewhere on the march. If it wasn't drowning in the Pecos, it was sunbeat on the plains; and if it wasn't an ambush, it was only because the flankers stumbled on it, and were shot in time to save the main body. There was bad luck in the water, and we'd rather have an empty canteen in July than a gallon of it.

So when we marched out of Fort Stockton towards the east one December morning, and the skirmishers spread out to the front and sides like a big fan, of which the main column was the stick, we looked at one another sufficiently to show what was in our minds. Armstrong saw the look, and laughed—that hard reckless laugh of his—and he said he would drink his weight of the water to the success of our trip, whatever its aim might be.

Every man in the company liked Armstrong, and felt like cautioning him, for he was an obliging, kindly chap. But he would fling it off with a laugh, and the next minute volunteer to act as flanker over a particularly bad-looking piece of ground. Then off he'd go on a trot, with his rifle handy at the trail; and we felt safe on that side, for he was cool and quick to act on occasion. He had good judgment, except about that spring. Our experience ought to have counted for more than his book-learning.

We made a thorough scout over the military road. The old Butterfield stages ran over it, and there had been some lively skirmishes with Indians. We cleared the trail for the time, and finally crossed the Pecos River. The next day's march brought us to the spring, and there we cooked our suppers Christmas evening.

There were two troops of cavalry guarding the spring, and we fraternized at once. And the paymaster was there, just arrived from San Antonio. He paid us off along with the cavalry, and each man had two months' pay clinking in his pocket. We felt rich. We would have liked to buy Christmas presents. We would have been glad had we any one to buy presents for. But we were surrounded for a hundred miles by coyotes and Comanches; neither being lovable. So we could only feel the Christmas in our hearts, and smoke our pipes, and think—some of us—of other Christmases passed in warm homes, not in a bitter north wind; when there was singing, girls' and men's voices in chorus, and not the howling of coyotes; when we heard the pleasant snap of wood burning in an open grate, and not the cold clink of rifle barrels and picket pins; when little children laughed, and believed any monstrous fairy story they might be told; when there was nothing of this—stern and resolute, girded for battle at a moment's call—but all was relaxed and safe in the happy, peaceful season.

We became almost sentimental over it. I remember Gutter, the little white-haired German recruit, told about finding gifts in his wooden shoes, and cried as he told it. And Hakkerson, who could roll out a string of oaths from reveille to taps, started to tell about a Christmas dream he had, and choked off right in the middle of it. For the rest, we stood about sucking our pipes, and drew long breaths to show our sympathy, and that we might tell of the past, only it was so very far in the past, and we had gone such a long way from it, that we couldn't put it in words. So we breathed hard, and said nothing. And then Armstrong began.

We had never seen him so irrational, so rattle-headed. I think his gayety was forced, unnatural. He seemed determined to stop our mooning by his nonsense. He jumped up and declaimed:

"When I was a little boy not quite so big as this,
When Christmas came around I always got a candy kiss—
A candy kiss,
As big as this,
A present from the good old Kriss."

And then, while we threw off our mood, he repeated a long string of verses. He must have made them up as he went along. Some were about Christmas, some were not. I can't remember them. They were all nonsensical, and made us laugh. A lot of the cavalry came straggling over to share in our fun. It wasn't very refined. We were risking our lives at $13 a piece per month, and had little use for refinement. We were rough and hearty. Finally, Armstrong said he would give us a sample of blank-verse, and explained that it was not the same as blank-cartridge. He recited:

"We paste a blank over our past life,
The future a blank must be;
And we don't give a blank for the present,
Or jolly blanked fools we'd be."

That is as near profanity as we ever knew him to get. While we all laughed, a light was struck in the darkness on the bluff, and as it shone steadily, we knew it came from a tent. Armstrong asked what it was. One of the cavalrymen said a couple of gamblers from San Antonio had followed the paymaster close enough to get the benefit of his escort, and were running a game.

Armstrong at once declared he was going up to play. He craved excitement. I believe he was only too glad of anything that would make him forget it was Christmas eve. He never had told us much about his past. He seemed to want to forget it; sometimes when he laughed loudest his face was sorrowful. He disliked to hear us tell about by-gone days; his turn might come. And once, when he forgot I was there, he threw open his arms and fairly hissed, "O God!" as though he had more anguish than he could bear. His face was white and drawn. I got away quietly, and never mentioned it to a soul.

So Armstrong went up to gamble, and some went with him. Every man had money in his pocket that he longed to spend, and there was nothing to buy. The gamblers had every chance to make a sweep, and carry back all the money the paymaster had disbursed. And they played their cards with that end in view. Of course they put up a "skin" game; we didn't expect anything else. But that money burned so hot in our pockets that we really didn't care. And we felt a certain strength in our comradeship that might have deterred them from openly cheating, but it didn't. They intended to lose no time in the plucking.

Everything was done very quickly, and if I had not been speedily stripped and reduced to the passive condition of a looker-on, I should not have seen how the thing happened. But Armstrong had been playing as though neither loss nor gain was anything to him—recklessly as a man might throw good money after bad—and luck had followed him. He had a big pile of chips, but still he played, and joked and laughed as he did so. Several of the boys winked at him to stop, but he would pay no heed. It wasn't money he was after.

There were some women with the gamblers, and one of them had been hanging around Armstrong from the moment he commenced winning; and as he leaned forward to place his bet, she slipped her hand to his stack, and took away some of the chips. Armstrong drew back suddenly and saw it. Instantly he caught her wrist. She screamed, and the gambler whipped out a pistol, and in a moment had shot Armstrong dead.

There was a moment's stillness, and then a tremendous uproar. But we were unarmed, and with their revolvers, the gamblers held us at a disadvantage. The officers came up, and discipline prevailed. We carried Armstrong's body to the camp, and made no demonstration.

In a day or two the gamblers and women were sent to San Antonio under guard. But that or the subsequent Indian fight, in which, strangely, all but the guard were killed, has nothing to do with this story.

When the surgeon examined Armstrong's body during the night, he took from it a little gold cross, and handed it to the captain. It was engraved, "H. A. I. from M. C., Christmas, 1875."

"From his sweetheart," said the captain, turning it over. "Those are his initials, 'H. A. I.' His name was—" And I didn't catch it. It was an odd name. "He was of a good family back in old New York. But the black sheep—the black sheep."

"Married?" asked the surgeon.

"No," said the captain, very sober. "That's just it."

The next day—Christmas day—was the funeral. The wind had settled into a searching Norther, blowing fine needles of ice in our faces. A shallow grave was scooped, and in it we laid the body. Our captain read the prayer, a volley was fired, the bugler blew taps, and all was over. A soldier's burial. Armstrong may rest till the last assembly sounds, and nations form for roll-call.

We piled a great many rocks on the grave to keep the coyotes away, and at the head we placed a large rock, on which a cavalryman at great pains had scratched with a hammer and a picket pin this inscription:

H. ARMSTRONG,

Pvt. Inf. U. S. A.

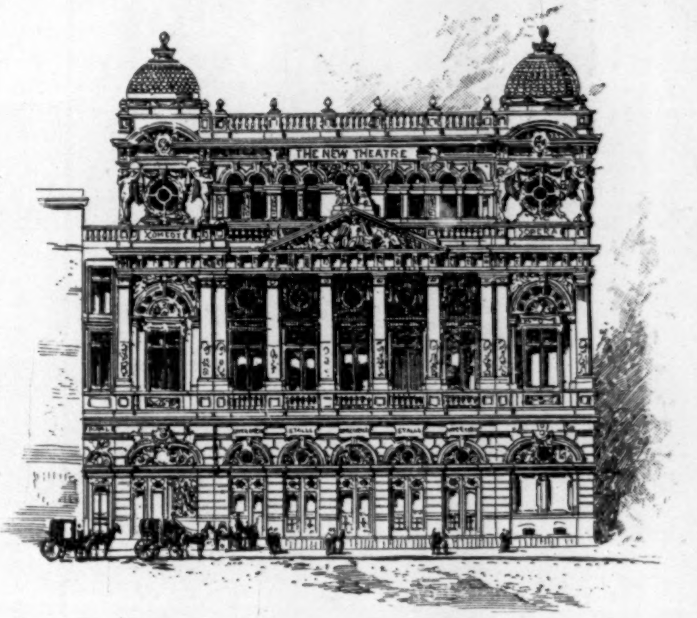
✝

C'mas, '77.

The slabs of limestone lying all about that desolate spot look much like broken tombstones; yet among them Armstrong sleeps alone and undisturbed. Not even a Comanche rides over his grave.

From the chances he took, he might have died a hundred times before he did. Yet if he had not so recklessly dared fate in the shape of that unlucky spring, he might be with us this year, comfortably eating a Christmas dinner in the warm company mess.

And, after all, his laughter and scoffing may only have been assumed. Perhaps he had the same idea about the spring that we had.



AUGUSTIN DALY'S NEW THEATRE IN LONDON, FACING CRANBOURNE STREET, WEST.

MR. DALY'S LONDON THEATRE.

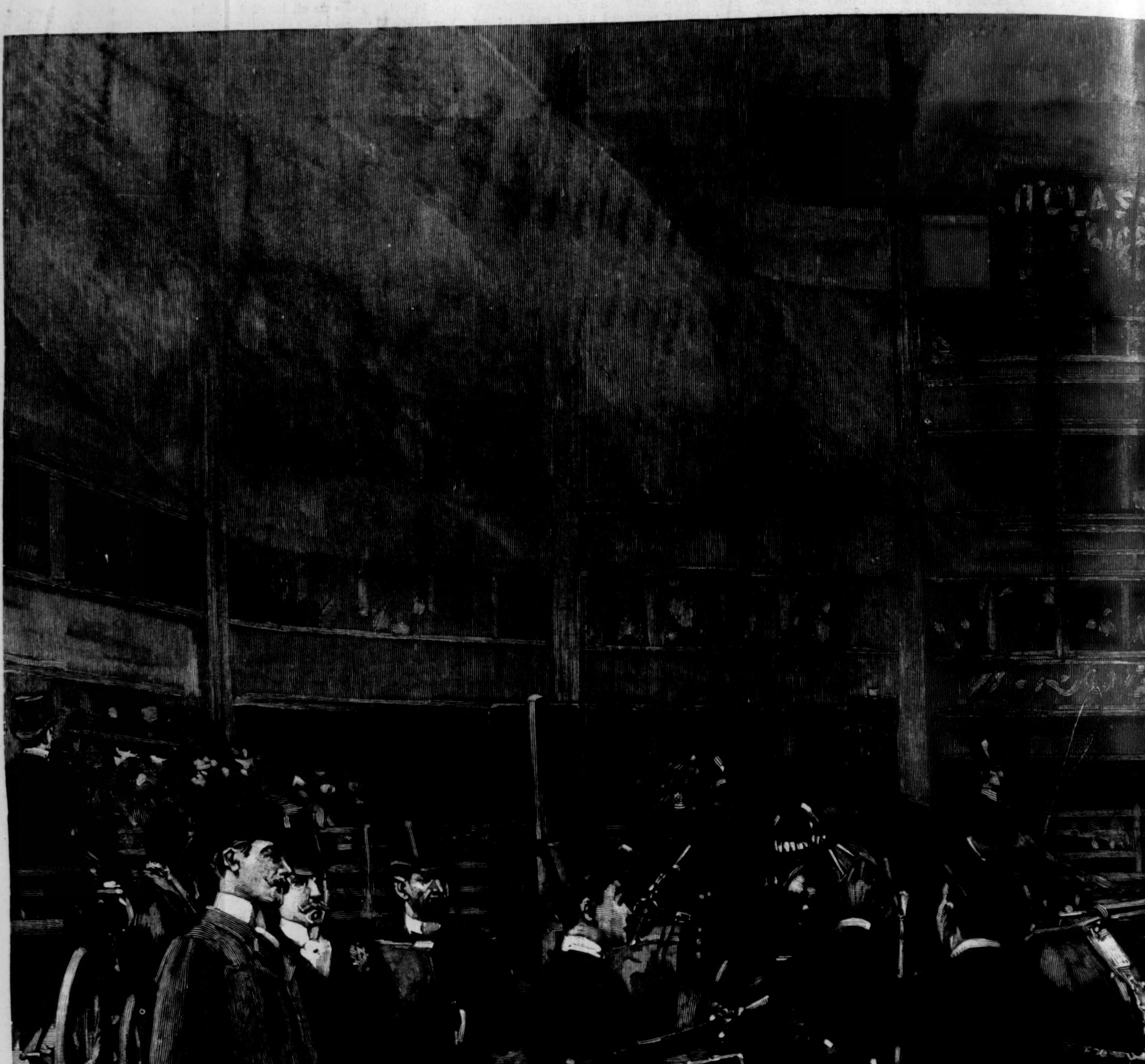
As has already been announced by cable, a new theatre in London, to be built by Mr. Augustin Daly, is an assured thing. The foundation-stone was laid on October 30th, and the building will be finished by the autumn of '92. The theatre will be situated on Cranbourne Street, a few feet out of Leicester Square, and in the main thoroughfare from Piccadilly to Covent Garden. These are the plain sober facts regarding the new venture, and the first interesting chapter of its history was written when the foundation-stone was dedicated. A notable company was present on that occasion, and Miss Ada Rehan took the leading rôle. Mr. George Edwardes, who has charge of the building, began by expressing the hope that the mortar Miss Rehan spread between the two stones might signify the cementing together of the British and American stages. Then Miss Rehan laid the stone, and taking the hand of Mrs. Bancroft, recited a thirty-two-line poem written for the occasion by Clement Scott. There was no general title, but the first verse ran as follows:

"Brothers and sisters from over the sea,
Send us your blessing before we depart!
Here in this Empire of Cities are we
Building for Time a cathedral of Art!
Art of no country! and Art of no home!
Wanderer free o'er the face of the world!
Warrior Art, when unwilling to roam,
Here is your tent, with your banner unfurl'd."

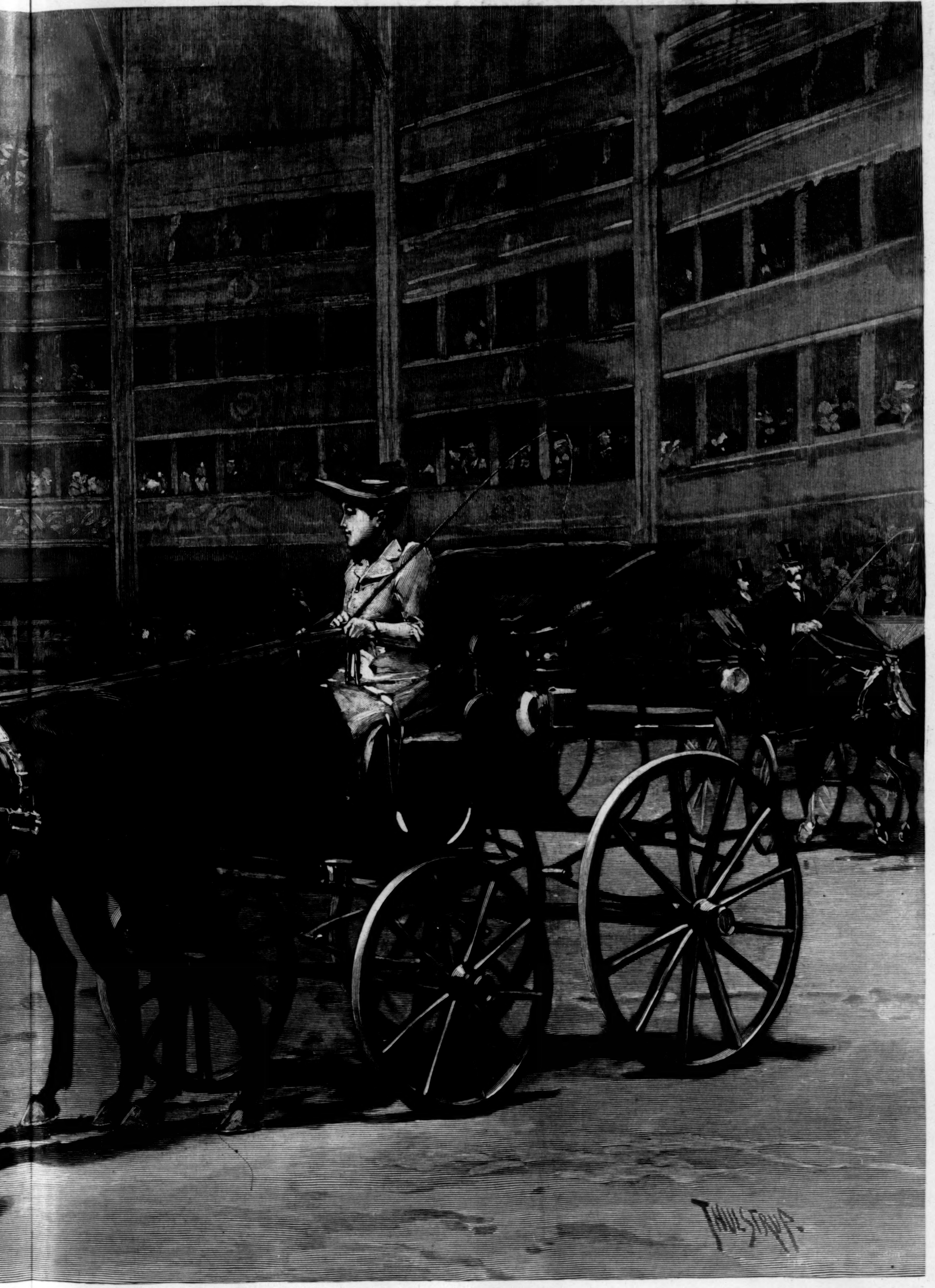
The remaining three verses were in the same strain, settling a few mooted questions regarding the stage, and the last two lines affirmed,

"Not for Renown, but for Beauty we pray;
Purest in Art—is the dearest to God."

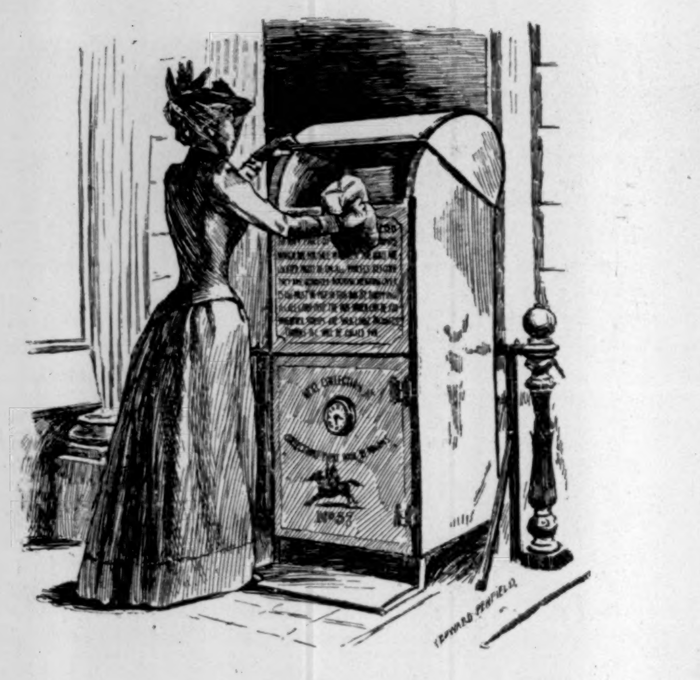
The sentiments were well received, and then Mrs. Bancroft came forward to "name" the new theatre. There was but one name for it, Mrs. Bancroft said, and that was apparent, so the name of "Daly's" was duly bestowed. A bottle of champagne was broken over the stone as an appropriate libation, and this office also fell to Mrs. Bancroft.



AWARDING A PRIZE AT THE HORSE SHOW, MADISON SQU



SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 915.]



"A YANKEE NOTION."

THE gentleman of mythology who sowed the dragon's teeth from which sprang hordes of armed men is not in the race with the more modern gentleman who first sowed the seeds of "drop a nickel in the slot" machines. The variations that have been played on this instrument have been multitudinous, and the era of mechanical servants seems to have been fairly begun. As yet the machines have been more or less conveniences, but they are conveniences that in this age shortly become necessities. The latest variation of this scheme is a "lay a parcel on the shelf and have it delivered" apparatus. It is an illustration of mechanical simplicity, and may become a necessity, especially to "shoppers." It is nothing but a parcel express run on mechanical principles. About the city, through the shopping and business districts, these machines are to be distributed, and judging from certain local express statistics they seem to supply a hitherto void.

As shown in the illustration, this new invention is simply an oblong box of polished steel set on end and rounded at the top. In front is a small platform bearing the words, "Step on this"; and when the order is obeyed, the top slides open, and a steel shelf comes up, and completely hides the contents of the box below. On this shelf the package is laid, and a stamp costing fifteen cents being affixed, the sender of the package retires from the platform, and the box closes.

If there is an address on the parcel, the sender may count upon its collection within an hour, and ultimate delivery. With each stamp purchased a coupon is attached, which is regarded as a receipt. A number of wagons make hourly collections, and a dial on the front of the machine indicates when the parcel will be started on its way. Another stock idea of the humorist is thus done away with, for the poor henpecked husband can no longer be pictured as lugging an armful of miscellaneous bundles. He can pay fifteen cents at the Battery, and have the cargo delivered at his residence on the banks of the picturesque Harlem. Within the breast of man exists an anti-bundle sentiment that will be fostered by this new machine. The indulgent father at Christmas-time will economize to the extent of fifteen cents per gift, and firmly decline to exhibit himself as a peripatetic Santa Claus in any public vehicle. By mechanical aid man will rise from the life of petty annoyances, and establish himself as a creature of luxury by the expenditure of a few paltry cents. It may make life more expensive; but what is the use of money without comfort? It is only the inventor who becomes rich.

THE LESSON OF THE STRIKE.

BY FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

OVER one hundred men were crowded into the little assembly rooms at Mawhaka. The air was redolent with the fumes of bad tobacco that came from numerous pipes, and the hot close room was filled with the smoke. At one end was a platform, upon which stood a dozen chairs and a table, and a score of hard benches scattered about completed the furniture of the room, unless the tiny broken stove in one corner be included. The company assembled there was one of men—sturdy fellows, who puffed doggedly at their black pipes, as though they held some grievance against them. The pipes were certainly not worthy of any particular praise, but to their owners they were all that could be desired as comforters, acting as outlets for their righteous indignation—righteous, that is, according to the ideas of the smokers. The men of the great iron-mill at Mawhaka were dissatisfied. Trouble had been brewing for some time between John Parsons, the young mill-owner, and the operatives, and the friction increased daily. The original cause of the trouble had been forgotten, but trivial things occurring from time to time had served to keep the men inflamed, and they threatened to burst into open rebellion. They considered that they had been ill treated. They had their rights, and they wished them to be recognized, and to this end they had gathered in the hall. Matters would have been brought to a focus before, but the men were not properly organized, or rather they had no leader among themselves. On this night district managers from neighboring towns were to address the men, and bring them to some sort of order; they were ripe for revolt.

About the room were gathered little knots of interested workers, heavy-browed and glum, discussing with heat and the strength of their convictions the right to rebel, and strike a blow at monopoly, plutocracy, aristocracy—anything, in fact, which ran in lines apart from their own lives. The American working-man with his grievance is a formidable thing—a mild hydra-headed dragon, which hurts itself more in the long-run than the interests against which it fights. Liberty is too sharp a sword to be left wholly in the keeping of men who are as children. One by one the knots dissolved themselves, and the men radiated in all directions. Half a dozen men ascended the platform and took seats, while the others stretched out on the benches. The hum of voices subsided as the foreman of the mill arose and walked forward, and when there was a momentary lull, he rapped fiercely on the table with a stick.

"The meeting will please come to order."

Parliamentary rule, like death, is devoid of respect, and consequently all classes are ruled by it. As the foreman spoke the noise subsided, and the silence was broken only by the shuffle of heavy feet.

"A chairman must be appointed for the meeting," said the foreman.

"Oi move thot Mr. Peters be elicted chairman," said a red-faced Irishman on the platform.

"I second it!" "Aye!" "Aye!" came from all parts of the room.

Mr. Peters, the foreman, colored and bowed. "Before I take the chair," he said, "I wish to say a few words. You know I'm with yer every time [cheers and applause], but I've been requested by the boss [a low hiss] to say a few words to you for him. 'Peters,' he says, says he, 'I hear there's goin' to be a meetin' to-night. Now,' he says, 'I want the men to come to an understandin'. I don't want no more of this foolishness—this growlin' that's been goin' on for some months past. Tell 'em to make up their minds one way or 'nother, ter quit growlin' an' go to work, or else they can quit work. There's no half-way business. I'm dead tired of it,' says he, 'an' I want you to tell 'em so.' Now I've told you, and it rests with you. You know how *I* feel, an' I'll foller ther crowd. Gentlemen, I'll interduce to you Mr. Murphy, foreman of our district assembly, who won the lock-out in Coverton a few weeks ago."

The chairman sat down, and the Irishman who had before spoken rose to his feet, and came forward rubbing his face with a red bandanna. The cheers that greeted him told the feelings of the men, for Mr. Murphy was well known as a general "kicker" against any sort of authority.

At the moment of Mr. Murphy's introduction John Parsons and two intimate friends were laughing and smoking over their post-prandial coffee. Parsons was a young man of about thirty years of age, with a strongly marked, clean-shaven face and a thin, firm mouth. Of independent manner and overbearing to his subordinates, he was much disliked by a number of people; but those who were counted as his intimate friends loved him and believed in him, and beyond them the young man did not care what people thought of him. At his father's death he had come into possession of the mill, and for three years had managed it successfully. A bachelor at the time, he was shortly to be married to a girl of his native town. Fond hopes of moneyed alliances were blighted when this highly eligible *parti* announced his engagement, and many a mother wondered what he saw in Rose Anderson. She had no money, it was true; but John Parsons was not mercenary, and the long line of ancestry on the girl's part would have been far more attractive to him than wealth untold. It was simply a love-match, and all indications pointed to a happy marriage. Parsons traced his lineage back to the days of feudalism, and he gloried in it. He was a curious combination of aristocracy and democracy, and the sentiment of "family" predominated. Strange ideas for a nineteenth-century American to hold, but they were a part of his life.

"I hear that you have had some trouble at the mill," remarked Wakeman, one of his companions, whose prosperous mill did not compare in size with that of his friend. "Any truth in it?"

Parsons frowned. "Yes," he said, shortly; "but it cannot last. It has to stop, or the mill is closed."

"Can you afford to do so?" asked Tom Foster, a young lawyer, who made up the trio.

"I will afford it," was the answer.

"Have you heard from any of the labor men on the subject?" volunteered Wakeman.

The young owner's fist came down on the table with a crash. "No, sir; I do my business with my employés through no third person. That chuckle-headed Irishman Murphy is to address a meeting that is to be held to-night, and I have sent the men an ultimatum—to shut up or stop work. I will not be dictated to by any third party; it's an outrage that mill-owners stand it."

"But have the men no rights?" questioned Wakeman, who was notoriously weak in his management.

"I do not discuss their rights," rejoined Parsons. "The question is simply this, will they work as I wish, or will they not? They get their money regularly; they are paid for the time they work; if they are dissatisfied, let them get out, and give others a chance to fill their places. Talk about *liberty*, a working-man has no more liberty to-day than he had five hundred years ago, and he has a sterner master in the union. I know you will laugh at me, but I tell you that when the land was owned by the aristocracy and ruled by them, when class distinctions existed, man was happier than he is to-day. It is very beautiful in theory, but independence is a poor practice for everybody. Organize liberty, and you remove class distinction, with practically no organization. Start a labor union, and class distinctions are formed. What about those men who do not care to join a union, and show true independence by holding aloof? What of them? Why, they starve."

"Quite a sermon," muttered Foster, lighting a cigar.

Parsons laughed. "I do not mean to preach, but once started, I am carried away with the subject. I have often wondered where my ideas came from, for my father was a democrat in the pure use of the word. I think that the spirit of some old feudal ancestor is reincarnate in me, for I have a certain sense of superiority that I have no right to by my own merits. I don't mean the reincarnation of the Buddhists—I wouldn't refrain from kicking a miserable yellow dog because it might contain the soul of my mild old nurse, I'd refrain simply out of consideration for the dog—but what I do mean is the reincarnation of ancestral spirit which may have been latent for generations; hereditary, in other words."

"Then if you should meet a man in the street, a man whom you had never seen before, and would feel impelled to strike him, you would believe that some hundred years ago that man's ancestor thrashed one of your forefathers, and you were going to even things up, eh?" suggested Foster, laughing. "The law would call it simple assault, and the only hereditary question the court might consider would be that of insanity."

"Don't be foolish," cried Parsons. "Let me illustrate by a story. Last year while in England I looked up the branch of our house which remained there while an ancestor of mine emigrated about 1700. I did not make myself known. The family name is the same, but the English branch holds a title, and everybody does not know what the family name is. The immediate family was in London, and I was shown through by an old housekeeper. My pulses thrilled as I trod the old ancestral halls, and I almost bewailed my fate at having a younger brother for an ancestor. I tapped the armor with a sense of pride, and listened to the old woman's stories with a feeling of personal admiration, for the men she spoke of were as much mine as the noble lord who lingered in Mayfair. When we reached the portrait gallery, I lingered before each face with strange sensations, but there was one picture that suddenly attracted me, and as soon as I saw it I seemed to remember the original."

A sniff came from Foster at this point, but Wakeman was evidently thinking out some scheme referring to the mill, which he was intending to submit to Parsons.

"The picture was that of a beautiful girl of about eighteen years of age, and she seemed a queen by the very poise of her head. I was so entranced that my guide noticed it, and began this story—I give it in her own words: She was the daughter of old Sir Francis, who died about 1470. He was a fierce, headstrong man, holding his people in subjection, and feared by all. His only daughter inherited some of the old man's strength, but she was as kind as she was beautiful, and an angel of goodness to all her inferiors and greatly loved. One evening in summer, however, while walking unattended through the park, a rough soldier addressed her. She turned away, but the man caught her in his arms, and tried to kiss her. At this point I interrupted the narrator, and said that I knew the story. I looked at the face again and knew the rest. Her cousin, who was passing, heard the screams, and hastening to her defence, stabbed the man, and left him lying dead. 'La, sir,' said the housekeeper, as I finished, 'that's right; ye must have heard the tale.'"

"Had you?" inquired Foster, interestedly.

"No," replied Parsons, slowly; "I had never heard the circumstances narrated before, but the first words of the housekeeper called up the scene as in a picture. It seemed as though I had heard the scream, and bursting through the bushes had seen the girl struggling in the man's grasp. It was like a memory of a long-ago happening in which I was an actor. Then I saw the girl turn to her rescuer with a smile; the man before her inspired her with no sense of pity, for he had attempted to be her equal."

"Ah! I see," laughed Wakeman; "and you feel as she did; you are probably the reincarnation of the cousin. Did you marry her?"

For a moment the young man's eyes grew angry, and then he answered, quietly enough: "I asked the housekeeper, and she said that he did. The girl was the old man's only daughter, and the young man was his heir, so they were both ancestors of mine. I attempt no explanations of my part of it, but tell you the story as it happened. I do, however, know how the girl felt, and to-day I hold myself as far above the lower classes as did the old knight in his own time. Have I not a right? Perhaps not in these later days, but I cannot destroy the feeling."

A servant entered at that moment. "If you please, sir, Mr. Peters would like to see you."

"Tell Peters to come in. My foreman at the mill," he explained to his friends.

The man walked sheepishly into the richly furnished room.

"Well?" queried Parsons.

"The men are going to strike at noon to-morrow, sir, unless these conditions are agreed to," and Peters held out a paper.

The young mill-owner took the document, deliberately tore it in half, and threw the pieces to one side.

"At noon to-morrow?" he asked, quietly.

"Yes, sir."

"You may tell the men, Peters, that they may declare their strike on now if they desire, as the mill will remain closed until further orders. Good-night."

The young owner kept his word. For six months the forges of the great mill lay silent, and the furnace fires unlit. The men lingered about hoping for satisfaction, but to each query, John Parsons replied, I am my own manager; I will open the mill when I please, and not before."

At the end of a month the men were really anxious to go to work, and to explain that desire Mr. Murphy called at Parsons's house. Mr. Murphy made a hurried exit from the house, made no report of his visit, but advised the men to fight until "ould Oireland was free." Money was scarce; the men knew that there was plenty of work waiting at the mill, but the owner was obdurate.

"Did the union suggest this?" asked Parsons, when Peters laid before him some plan.

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"I do not recognize the union," was all the comfort they got.

Again a week dragged by. Winter was near at hand, and the men were suffering. The district tried to organize a general strike with no success, and the spirits of the sufferers fell accordingly.

"Will you ever open up again, sir?" timidly asked Peters one day.

"When I get ready," was the answer of the owner; "and when I do, no union man will come inside the door; the workers will be under contract to *me*. But why do you ask? The men are free to go where they please; they needn't wait on my pleasure. Does the union not support them?"

"They have no funds, sir," Peters said, sadly, turning away.

And when the men heard this they cursed the young mill-owner with all the bitterness of hate, but when a young Irishman suggested force, and hinted at something else, there was a deep sullen growl—but it was not favorable to the proposal. There were little ones that wanted food and raiment; there were wives that worked through all the lull in the storm, while the men stood idle and their union failed them for lack of funds.

One evening after dinner Parsons strolled through the village on his way to visit his *fiancée*. He had come to the conclusion that he had nearly won the fight, but the surrender of the strikers must be unconditional before he accepted it. The fault was not his; he had given warning. Two of his old workers passed him by, and though they looked at him appealingly, he did not appear to see them. There was a circus in town, and the streets were filled with wagons and people from the country, mixed with that crowd that follows in the wake of a circus. Parsons strolled by the great tent, where the venders of pea-nuts and pop-corn were shouting their wares, and then walked on to the house whither he was bound. Miss Anderson was not at home.

"She went out directly after dinner," said her mother, "and promised to return at once. She was bound on an errand of charity, and will surely be back before the darkness."

John Parsons sat on the piazza and smoked his cigar slowly. He was at peace with himself, and in a very good humor with a certain person in whom he believed implicitly. Facts were nothing to him if he did not chose to be convinced by them, but he could bring himself into a belief in anything that pleased him. He was thinking that the lesson of the strike would be a good one for his men, and also for other mill-owners. He did not notice that the minutes slipped swiftly by, and that Miss Anderson did not return. Suddenly he realized that it had grown quite dark, and looking at his watch, saw that nearly an hour had elapsed since his arrival. He hurried into the house.

"I think that she was going to Barton Street," said the old lady. "She surely ought to have returned."

John started. He recalled the crowded streets, the rough crowds, and his heart sank. He was madly in love with her, but the realization of the fact came at that moment. It was quite dark, and a horrible chapter of possible happenings flashed through his brain. He thought of the gaunt, hollow-eyed men he had refused that day to see, and the idea of revenge suggested itself. As he reached the gate three figures approached, and stopped.

"Good-night," he heard the voice of Miss Anderson say. "I am much obliged." And as two forms disappeared, the girl walked into her lover's arms.

"Who were those men?" he asked, quickly.

"Friends, John," she answered. "I was coming home, being detained longer than I thought, and was passing by the headquarters of your strikers—*your* strikers," she said, softly, "when two men came forward—"

"Scoundrels!" cried John Parsons, fiercely, catching the girl's hands in a tight grasp.

"No, John, no," she replied, vehemently. "One of them came up and took off his hat. 'Excuse me, miss,' he said, 'but there's a pretty tough crowd in the village to-night, an' Jim and me thought we'd better say as we'd see you home;' and they did. They acted as gentlemen—true gentlemen—never saying a word until spoken to; and they came all the way home with me through that horrible crowd. They were so good and kind, and wanted to knock a man down who stared at me."

"Did they mention me?" the young man asked.

"They said they knew I was the 'lady as Mr. Parsons was to marry.'"

In one brief moment all that he had ever said against the working-man came into John Parsons's mind, and in that time he thought of the old baron and the men he called his inferiors. Liberty was equality in one way, after all.

The next morning the whistles of John Parsons's iron-mill blew lustily at seven o'clock, and when he arrived there half an hour later, he found all the men assembled in the court-yard wondering what was to come.

The young man mounted a box. "Men," he said, "we have probably both been in the wrong. I, at least, have, and I will confess it. The anvils await you, and the forges are lit. Go to work. Let the past be forgotten. We will begin all over again, and work together. To-day is Wednesday; on Saturday you will receive one week's pay in full. I know that money is scarce, and I want to thank you for having acted as—men."

And the cheers that arose from those honest throats were heartier than those that greeted Mr. Murphy six months before.

"I guess the ghost of my old ancestor is laid effectually now," laughed Parsons to himself. "He couldn't appreciate the era of chivalry and free labor."

HYMEN'S SHOP WINDOW IN CHICAGO.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

In many States and cities the banns are now published in the newspapers in the form of lists of persons who have taken out licenses to marry. Seeing these lists, so strange to a New-Yorker, in the Chicago dailies every morning led me to investigate the manner in which the happy lovers out West make known their connubial intentions. I was greatly helped to make the investigation by running across a few interesting remarks upon the subject in a Chicago guide-book. There it was stated that 14,200 licenses were issued in 1890. In nearly 700 cases the consent of parents was necessary, so young were the brides or grooms. The youngest maiden was fifteen—an Italian, in all probability—and the youngest boy was eighteen. The oldest woman was fifty-nine, but there was a bridegroom of seventy-one years, who had been married twice before. One man of sixty-five years married a woman twenty-two years old, and more than a score of men remarried wives from whom they had been divorced.

It will be seen that there was much of promise in the distant view that was thus obtained of the marriage license bureau. I found it to be one of many windows in the County Clerk's office—a very commonplace-looking window in front of a long tall desk, and bearing the legend, "Marriage Licenses and Naturalization." A young German was standing before the window, and several men and women stood behind him, as if waiting their turns to be cross-examined by the sprightly, flashing-eyed, black-haired man who faced the window from the other side, and made his pen fly across the papers before him as if he expected this year's 14,000 lovers to appear before him simultaneously that afternoon. I was invited to join him behind the counter; and when I explained that we New-Yorkers do not understand the marriage-license ceremony, he flung open a drawer, whipped out a green-covered book that looked like a novel, slammed the drawer shut, and said: "I have written a book about it. That will tell you everything." Then he put a question in German to the suitor for a license before him, obtained a "*Ja, Meinherr*," in reply, and fell to writing again, quite as if he had another book in hand and the printer was crying for "copy."

The book which he gave me was entitled *From the Marriage License Window*, by M. Salmonson, ex-Marriage License Deputy for Cook County, Illinois. The work looked as if it might prove very entertaining, but, of course, the mere glance it got could reveal nothing so novel and peculiar as the fact that the clerk had written it. We have many sorts of clerks in public offices in New York city, but I cannot honestly say that there are many who reveal a fondness for exploiting the romantic sides of their work in book form, or many who even read books. Mr. Salmonson finished with the man in hand, and immediately addressed the next comer in Swedish.

"How many languages do you speak?" I inquired.

"I speak Scandinavian, French, German, and English," said he. "That is to say, I understand the literatures of those countries, besides speaking their tongues. I get along with the Poles and Bohemians, but though I speak their languages, I am not familiar with their literature—an indispensable requirement in the study of a people."

Unfortunately this very uncommon sort of an official was too busy to talk much; and, worse still for the fortune of the reader, what conversation we did have was upon matters not germane to the subject of licenses. It is impossible therefore to estimate the loss that was thus occasioned. His second client, the Swede, was a young man under twenty-one, who had to fetch his father along with him to give his consent to the proposed marriage. "I am going to be twenty-one," was all that he vouchsafed on the delicate point of his age. But the non-attendant bride, of whom Mr. Salmonson always spoke as "the lady," was eighteen years old, so that her part in the procedure offered no obstacle.

All the time that Mr. Salmonson was putting questions to the applicants he was writing down their answers in the vacant spaces in blanks which read as follows:

State of Illinois, } SS.
COOK COUNTY. }
No................
....
of.................in the County of.........................and State of..................being
duly sworn, deposes and says, that.................................of...................in the County
of.................and State of..............is of the age of......years, and that.............
.............................of...........................in the County of...................
and State of...................is of the age of......years, and that said above-named persons
are single and unmarried, and may lawfully contract and be joined in marriage.
Sworn to and subscribed before me, this...... }
day of......................A. D. 18 . } ....
..........................Clerk of the County Court. By......................Deputy.

These blanks were for official retention, to be filed away as public records. When one of these forms was filled out, the clerk held it up before him and took a much larger printed form from a pile in front of him, upon which to copy a part of the record he had entered upon the smaller sheet. The larger blank was to be given to the applicant, to be taken home by him or her. It was completed by a formula which the clergyman or magistrate who afterwards marries the couple is obliged to fill in and sign. This person then returns the whole sheet to the authorities, and bestows upon the newly wedded pair a regular marriage certificate. The little blank which the clerk keeps is as plain as pie crust and is very cheaply gotten up, but the other is a formidable and artistic looking document, having a fancy border and much brave and ornamental type, as befits a paper which an ardent and tender suitor is to bear away to the idol of his affections, in witness of his earnestness and enterprise. When she receives such a testimonial she reads these words:

"To any person legally authorized to solemnize marriage, greeting: Marriage may be celebrated between Mr. ——, of ——, in such a county and such a State, of the age of —— years, and M— ——, in such a county and State, of the age of —— years. Witness: Henry Wulff, Clerk of the County Court of said Cook County, etc., etc." Then follows the certification that the marriage was celebrated by some one who fills out the rest of the form.

The happy swain who is to receive such a paper does not do so until he has stepped to the next window, labelled "Cashier," where he is to pay one dollar and a half, the fee for the service. Once in a while, Mr. Salmonson says, there happens along a man who does not know that there is anything to pay, and who is not able to meet the charge, although he feels able to marry. In such a case the attachés of the office are very apt to raise the sum among themselves and pay it to the county, because every license is numbered, and there must be found in the safe as many shillings as six times the number of licenses that have been issued each day. Of course it is a rare occurrence for a man to come unprepared to pay the fee. The far commoner cases are those where the happy applicants are moved to throw out their money lightly, with a cigar all around for the clerks, and an invitation to the chief clerk to "come out and smile." This literary official lays down the rule that cigars are always accepted, even when the recipient does not smoke, and that there is never time for the other form of refreshment.

It was on a Friday that I visited the marriage license window, and I was informed that any other day of the week except Sunday would have been better, because those who are even a very little superstitious do not visit the window on that much-slandered day. Very superstitious persons go much farther than that, for one couple, upon hearing a band pass the window playing a funeral march at the head of a procession, refused to take out the license until another day. And Mr. Salmonson says that on one occasion a young man inquired whether he thought it would rain before night. The sky looked threatening, and the clerk said he thought rain might fall.

"Then I will come on another day," said the timid applicant. "It would be bad luck if it rained on the day I get my license."

I could not help wondering what must be the scene on such unusually busy days as Saturdays or the days preceding national festivals, for though it was Friday, there was no pause in the business at the window. As quickly as one man got his permit, another took his place. Only two women came with their prospective husbands. There is no need for any of the fair sex to go to the window, and, as a rule, it is only the humbler and more ignorant ones who do so, conceiving it to be a necessity.

This fact led to a very peculiar and unlooked-for business that was for a time regularly carried on close before the window. The parties in or partners to this speculation were a justice of the peace and a clergyman, who were daily frequenters of this branch altar of Hymen for purposes of lawful but selfish gain. They managed to clear fifty dollars a week each, it was said. Knowing full well that only the simplest folk, or those most ignorant of the law, would come in couples where only the man was required to attend, this ingenious pair saw a chance to intrude upon such simplicity with offers to marry the candidates out of hand, as it were. The justice of the peace was an Irish-American, and the clergyman was a German with a smattering of several European tongues. The justice always broke the ice. He met each couple with a suggestion that he was able to perform a civil marriage. He offered weighty arguments against delay where both parties had taken a holiday, and might as well hasten the end and aim of all true lovers. Often his offer was refused on religious grounds, the couple were agreed to be married by a minister. Very well, then, said the magistrate, there chances to be here at this moment my friend the Reverend So-and-So. More than that, the obliging magistrate doubted not that he could prevail upon the preacher to delay his business long enough to turn two happy hearts into a blissful one. Then came the busy minister upon the scene, "and," said my informant, "as long as this pair of brokers worked together, few couples escaped them." It was said that some others of this ilk were even then practising their wiles upon the too-susceptible fractions of the public that wandered into the office, and I even had one of the so-called brokers pointed out to me, but as I watched him awhile (hoping to witness a wedding, and yet was disappointed) I cannot declare that the "business" now goes on.

It would have been wonderful had there occurred such another wedding as one which Mr. Salmonson tells of having witnessed. In that case the bride, a negro girl, took off her hat and collar, and then her dress, and stood revealing to the at first bewildered onlookers a complete wedding gown of white, to which she added, from a parcel she had carried, an artificial orange wreath to make the costume complete. In his book he tells of many and many an odd observation and experience. In taking an oath to the truth of what they have said, as all must do, it is noticed that many laborers from Protestant Europe raise three fingers, to represent the Trinity, instead of one hand as we do; but one man, on being asked to raise his hand, lifted both arms above his head. He was a professional criminal, accustomed to being searched by officers of the law. Young Americans are usually in a hurry; they want to know if they can be attended to "right away." They spoil blank after blank in a vain endeavor to sign their full names, and they explain that for years they have abbreviated their signatures in the rush of business until their hands refuse to break the old habit. One man is said to have signed himself "Smith & Co."

The Slavs and the French Canadians are the most illiterate applicants at the window. Many seem to have had no schooling. Irishmen who cannot write are ashamed of the fact. Some appear with their right hands bandaged, while others give the impression of having practised the art of printing merely the letters of their names and no others. Many of the Hebrews can only write their names in Hebrew characters. They are the most deferential applicants. Oftentimes they knock at the open door, and being bidden to enter, stand at a distance uncovered. They come direct from the synagogues dressed in their best, with their sweethearts beside them. Those who are most strict will not touch pen and ink on Saturday, though they come on that day. Irishmen bring their friends, who are apt to tease them, calling them "victims," and saying that one stroke of the pen will destroy their liberty. The Irish are the ones who most frequently offer to treat the clerk.

When a man strides up and produces his discharge from the army and a double set of certificates of birth and vaccination, the clerk says he knows he is dealing with a German, who will be surprised to learn that a man may marry in America without being vaccinated. The Germans are apt to bring their brides and a group of friends, who laugh and jest all the time that the permit is being drawn up. The young Bohemian man and his male friends come freshly barbered and with white artificial flowers in their coat lapels. When Italians come, the families of both parties to the match are apt to be with them in a swarm. The women are gay with bright colors, and the bride's mother, while giving consent for her sixteen-year-old daughter to marry, explains that she was still younger when she was married. The Scandinavian men marry their own kind, but the girls and women are more liberal. There are Swedes whose religious zeal will not permit them either to take an oath or to "affirm," and such ones go to distant States, where permits are not required, when they wish to get married.

It was easy to see in one morning's visit that a marriage license window is a queer place, and one at which human nature is bared to official inspection as it seldom is in any other government office. Hither come the gossips to ask whether certain couples whose names were published the other day have yet got married; to ask what sort of a looking man it was who took out a license to wed with Susie Todd, was he tall and light or stout and dark? And hither come angry mothers to say that no permit should have been given for their daughters, who are not so old as was said. They ask how the law can be invoked to punish the offending bridegrooms. But there are other brides who appear to be forty or thirty, yet declare themselves thirty or twenty. Back comes a man to ask if his permit number cannot be changed, because he wants to buy a lottery ticket of the same number as his wedding license, and cannot do so unless a change is made. Old men speak for girlish brides, and ancient wrinkled women lead up very young men, holding their arms as if they might escape. Once a girl came weeping, and said the man she meant to marry lay dying, and there was not a moment to lose. Indeed, it is a queer place, and the whole illimitable gamut that novelists have spanned in many centuries is there at hand still sounding fresh notes and offering new chords.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE SODA FOUNTAIN.

BY MARY GAY HUMPHREYS.

Man is born thirsty. His first cry is for drink. The natural sources of supply are the kindly milk and the abundant water. But the allotted years of his life are three-score and ten. In this stretch of time both milk and water become monotonous. To prevent this the arts, the sciences, the industries, have been largely directed. The consequences, industrial and social, are among the most conspicuous features of our civilization, which they have helped both to promote and to retard. According to the formulæ of the purveyor of drinks the world marches. In this light the most important date in the history of events was that on which carbonic acid gas was discovered. Yet to this day no one has erected a statue to Van Helmont.

Curiously enough, the two men who have done most toward satisfying man's all-consuming thirst have been two pre-eminently religious men. Van Helmont, the crazy alchemist, who in the sixteenth century discovered "fixed air," believed in all his experiments he put himself in the direct channel of inspiration from on high; while Priestley, the dissenting clergyman, two centuries later, studying the Creator in his works, made the first glass of soda-water. To be perfectly truthful, it is necessary to state that the direct experiment depended on the existence of a neighboring brewery, whose vats he utilized, by pouring water alternately from one to the other of two vessels, held in the carbonic acid gas lying on the surface of the fermenting liquor within. At the same time the experiment was suggested by observing the sparkling beauty and the agreeableness of the water in the bottom of a spring where the carbonic acid gas lay heavy. This was in 1767.

Before the close of the century, in Sweden, in Switzerland, and in France, the importance of Dr. Priestley's experiment was realized, and in Switzerland and France carbonating waters had become a commercial enterprise, and was directed toward imitating the waters of the Continental spas for health-giving purposes. It was left to this country to enhance the gayety of nations by transforming a vicious, deadly compound, an uninteresting chemical mixture, $C_2 HO_3$, into a sparkling, poetical, and protean beverage.

Soda-water is an American drink. It is as essentially American as porter, Rhine wine, and claret are distinctively English, German, and French. The most interesting fact in the manufacture of soda-water is that it contains no soda. The prominent ingredients are marble dust and sulphuric acid, neither of which is regarded as healthful nor palatable when taken separately. Moreover, to render them so in combination requires a pressure of at least 150 pounds to the square inch—a condition dangerous to life and limb except under proper safeguards and with the strongest machinery. The generator is, in fact, made of gun-metal iron tested to 500 pounds to the square inch. Into this is put the marble dust, to which, from another strong chamber, is led the sulphuric acid. Then the two are cradled, and the gas generated is passed into steel fountains lined with block-tin, two-thirds full of the water to be charged. These fountains are then securely fastened, and, like huge bombs in size and almost as destructive, are carried in wagons through the streets, to be stored under drug-store counters. Surely in all the history of fairyland there is nothing more marvellous than the escape of this sparkling, bubbling, foam-crested liquor, like an enchanted prince from the gloomy death-chamber, to delight and refresh the world.

Whiting formerly was used to furnish the carbonate, and whiting and chalk are still used in England. The use of marble dust, under the pretty name of "snowflake," is peculiar to this country. We produce our own marble, moreover, and whiting comes under the provisions of the McKinley bill. The chips of the marble cathedral on Fifth Avenue alone supplied twenty-five million gallons of soda-water; thus economically we drink up unavailable bits of buildings (public and private), tombstones, and monuments.

Except in the improvement of machinery and in its method of distribution, the manufacture of soda-water remains much the same. The method employed by the distinguished engineer Bramah is still in use. The man, in fact, whose name is most prominently identified with the national drink in this country was an apprentice of Bramah, and has developed his method here. That form of concentration, moreover, that all sorts of enterprises now take was long since a feature of the soda-water industry.

Formerly the actual process took place under the drug-store counter. No one has yet estimated the decreased percentage in loss of life since the drug-store boy ceased playing with the vitriol, carbonates, and force-pump as if he had a squirt-gun in a hogshead of water under an eave trough. Explosions of soda fountains do now sometimes occur, but they have ceased to be a national feature, as on reading old English catalogues of rival manufactures they seem once to have been.

In the primitive days of soda-water it was led through the counter and dispersed through a "gooseneck," as the curved pipe which many will remember was called from its shape. Sometimes the goose was a swan with feathers prettily ruffled in metal, and the water issued from its parted beak. The difficulty of keeping the soda-water cool introduced the classic urn, which innocently appeared to contain the liquid that it dispensed, but in fact only held the ice through which the soda-water was conducted.

It is a suggestive fact that no natural food or drink has appealed so widely to the imagination as this purely artificial compound. There are hundreds of thousands of people to whom the soda-water fountain has given their first realizing sense of the beauties of art and the glories of architecture. There are thousands of arid little villages in this country to-day out of whose dull materialism it rises like the fountain in the desert to refresh the weary eye and soul. Who would forego the recollection of the enchanted world of delights revealed in childhood by its temples resplendent in crystal marble and silver, and its goddesses beautiful as angels? In one well-remembered corner drug store the cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces recently revealed in the *Tempest* seemed to have suddenly materialized in all their unearthly splendor. If we measure causes by the strength of impressions, the unknown architect might have held up his head with the immortal poet.

Some of these old soda-water fountains are still found in odd, out-of-the-way places. In a west-side drug store now, there stands a temple of marble and silver. On top, under a crystal dome, a marble goddess in a continuous shower-bath is surrounded by four nymphs. These are in turn guarded by four bronze knights in armor upholding gas jets. One can only hope that in the universal diffusion of knowledge this anachronism may not dim its glories for the thirsty crowds surging at its base.

To heighten illusion in the national cry for ice in summer, which each year grew louder, the soda-water manufacturers forsook Greece and the goddesses, and the Eros, the Diana, the Helicon gave way to the Frost King, the Snow-drop, the Icicle, the Avalanche, the Aurora Borealis, the North Pole, created with frosted nickel-plate to simulate the jagged ice of the polar regions, over which scrambled polar-bears.

The success of the arctic idea took such possession of the popular mind that, a large manufacturer dying untimely at this period, his monument was made to resemble nothing so much as a marble soda-water fountain, up whose heights scaled polar-bears. This monument may be seen near New York city.

But once the imagination was enchained to give merely material satisfaction, the soda-water fountain became what it remains, simply an ice-box, but an ice-box costly and luxurious to an extent undreamed of in the Olympian period. Soda-water manufacturers say that the change was demanded by the increased consumption. The space must be increased, and every inch of space utilized. To the ideal succeeded architectural styles, worked out in magnificent marbles, inlaid with porcelain tiles, carnelian onyx, overlaid with plated ornament, and known appropriately or significantly as the Persia, the Ionic, the Doric, the Chalet, the Arabia, the Rialto, the France. The corruption of styles became more flagrant even than the native architecture, and the nomenclature bald and stupid. The palaces and Greek temples of the earlier period stimulated the untutored imaginations of the populace, and enabled the mind to create its own visions of beauty, but the vulgar and commonplace richness of the architectural period corrupted the public taste.

While this was so the development of the soda-water fountain took another direction. A half-dozen syrups, such as vanilla, lemon, strawberry, pineapple, once satisfied those simple minds and tastes which looked upon the soda-water fountain only as a means of increasing human happiness.

"I sing the fount of soda
  That sweetly springs for me;
And hope to make this ode
  Delightful melody.
For if Castalian water
  Refreshed the tuneful Nine—
Health to the Muse!—I've brought her
  A bubbling draught of mine."

Thus sang Dick Dowden, as recorded in the pages of Father Prout. The alliance of the fragrant fruit with the "sylph-like draught" was as ideally perfect as moonlight, music, love, and flowers, or any other of those unions that evoke the Muse. On the integrity of these syrups no one can cast a doubt. It is only in these last oleomargarinous days that we have learned of butyric ether, acetic ether; that in strawberry syrup we know cochineal, and malva flowers in raspberry; that here we discover aniline, and everywhere suspect that mysterious and sanguineous new compound "ruddy gore," widely advertised among the trade.

All this was inevitable when the soda-water fountain took up with the drug store. The first instance of this was at the corner of Third Avenue and Fourth Street. Then it became a veritable fount of joy at Barnum's, on the site of the present *Herald* building. Its third adoption was at the corner of Eighth Street and Broadway. After which a New Haven doctor, setting up a drug store on the corner of Eighth Avenue and Twenty-seventh Street, established so beguiling a fount that the whole field of commercial rivalry appeared to be involved, and soda-water fountains multiplied like saloons.

The introduction of mineral waters marks an era in the evolution of the soda fountain. There is no natural mineral water that the soda fount cannot supply. The moment a new spring achieves a reputation, its name is inscribed beneath a new and shining spigot. With these the people can scarcely keep pace. When the Seventh Regiment held its fête in the armory, then new, the soda-water fountain took the form of a huge marble monolith twenty feet high, surmounted by a bronze eagle. An old lady, walking slowly around the base, read the inscriptions, "Geyser," "Vichy," "Clysmic," "Deep Rock," "Kissingen," "Washington," "Saratoga," turned to the white-jacketed salesman and asked,

"Did the gallant boys win all those battles?"

"Ma'am?" inquired the astonished salesman.

"And the Seventh Regiment bled on all those battle-fields," she said, solemnly, and turned away with a tear in her eye.

The increase in the consumption of mineral waters, both at home and in public, is enormous. There is as yet no such record as that of Lord Beaconsfield, after whose death, it is said, 4000 bottles, which had once held mineral waters of his consumption, were removed. It is related also of Beckford that during the three days and two nights of continuous work in which he produced *Vathek*, he lived on soda-water. Byron's continual cry for soda-water, and the place B. and S. occupies in English novels, are too well known for comment. But in this country the growth is recent.

According to the confession of a drug clerk the effort to suborn the soda-water fountain in the interest of the drug store has been well considered and successful. The shortest jacketed boy that turns a spigot knows how to combine the aromatic ammonia and the mineral water in the early morning, and how to manipulate the bromides and the phosphates after a few private and quiet questions over the counter. A few years ago a soda-water fountain that would give forth forty brews had reached its limit. There are soda-water fountains now in this city that number over three hundred combinations.

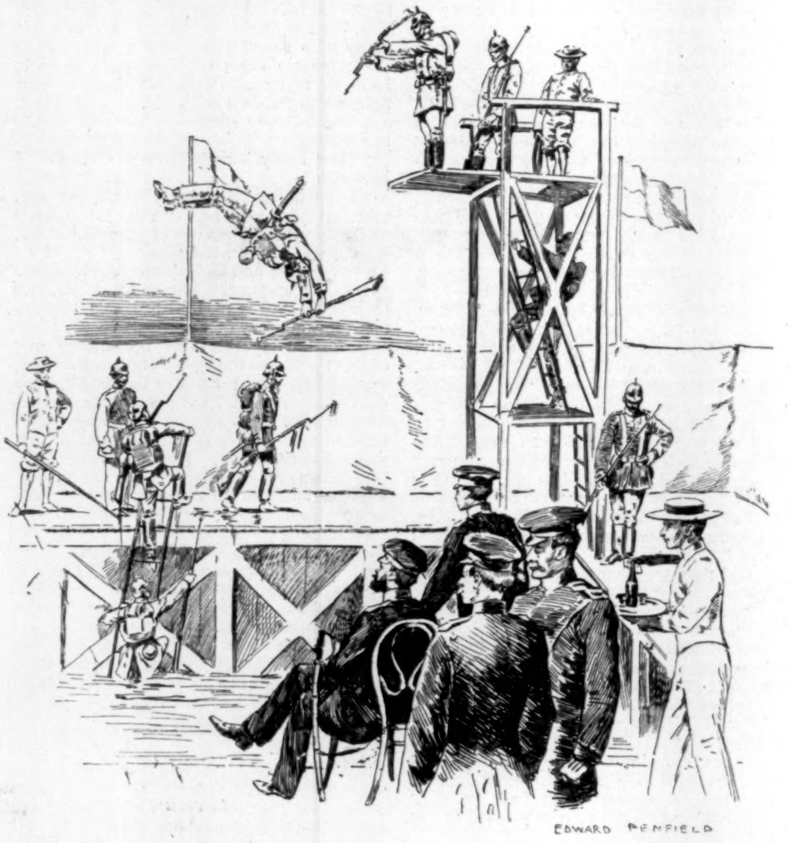
To supply these the entire side of the wall is dedicated and made glorious with California onyx, rare marbles, and plate-glass. Such soda-water fountain, for it retains the name, costs at least $40,000. Everything about it is exquisite—the cups and cup-holders are beautiful in form, and nymph-like sprays under glass testify to that immaculate purity which the plunge bath under the counter could never assure. In the business parts of town the receipts from these splendidly equipped wells amount to several hundred dollars a day.

To retain popularity, to guard custom, new combinations are as regular as the seasons. There are fashions in soda-water. This year every one drinks orange phosphates, holding the phosphate to be something like a word in season. Among beverages the newest is "Crème de Russe," a compound of fruits, almonds, and cream; last year it was "Easter punch." Time would fail to tell of all the varieties that these ingenious young soda-water men concoct and set forth.

As a check to the influence of the drug store, a confectioner bethought him of ice-cream soda; two magical words, each good to charm with, and in combination wrought all that his wildest hopes could suggest. On a bright, exhilarating day, to achieve a cup of ice-cream soda, a place should be engaged some time in advance. Beauty and fashion surge about the counter. One of the sights of the town is the rows of bright faces, two and three deep, bent over their cups, and fishing within with long-handled spoons.

But the crowning merit of soda-water, and that which fits it to be the national drink, is its democracy. The millionaire may drink champagne while the poor man drinks beer, but they both drink soda-water. There is no quarter of this great town so poor that the soda-water fountain, cheaply but ostentatiously erected in marble and plate, does not adorn the street corners, and is not liberally patronized.

The actual cost of a glass of soda-water is one-tenth of a cent; with the syrup added, the cost is increased to a cent and a half. When the dispenser charges five cents he feels himself rewarded; and for him who drinks it is small cost to see the "bubbles winking on the brim," to feel the aromatic flavors among the roots of his hair and exploring the crannies of his brain, and to realize each fragrant drop as it goes dancing down his throat.

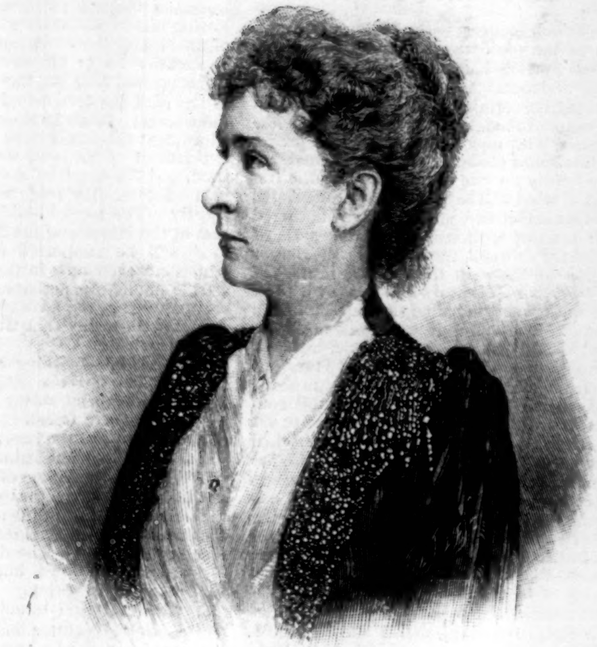


AN EXHIBITION AT THE MILITARY SWIMMING INSTITUTE IN BERLIN.

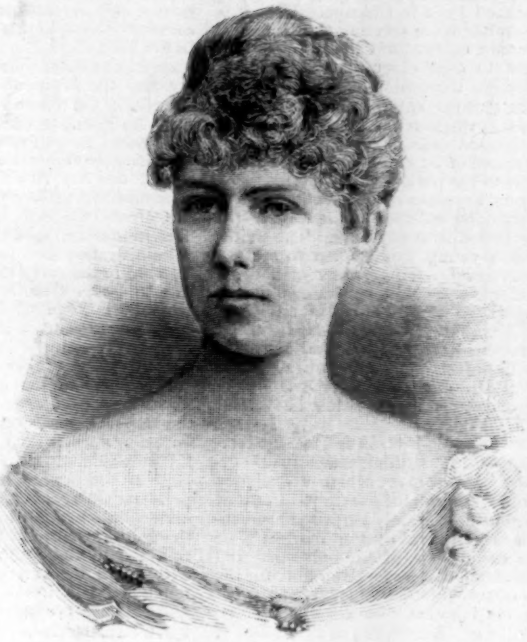
TRAINING GERMAN SOLDIERS.

We have reached a point in this world's history when man is inclined to believe that he is competent to do his own personal thinking. Learning is the foundation of this idea of liberty, and the increase of learning has fostered it. The ordinary citizen of to-day objects to being led blindly in anything, and in some countries he occasionally overturns time-honored institutions that he no longer believes in. Particularly in Germany is there a low muttering that may be interpreted as discontent against certain existing orders of things. Particularly in Germany is there a cry against the widely learned proletariat which crowds the professions, and decimates the ranks of the lower callings in life which are essentially necessary. And opposed to this, in strange contradiction, we find the German soldier—an able-bodied machine. Blind obedience is expected from soldiers, but standing armies and professional soldiers must be anachronisms to-day, for even the beautiful Guards in London have of late been getting up little mutinies. But the soldier of Germany, able in his studies, and in the centre of the smouldering fires of socialism, is an intelligent automaton. It is beyond question that they are model soldiers, but we in free America are all capable of being officers, and object to follow blindly where led. Of course, when our citizens resolve themselves into soldiers in times of need, they are amenable to discipline, but they do some thinking for themselves, and decline to be "bossed" in times of peace.

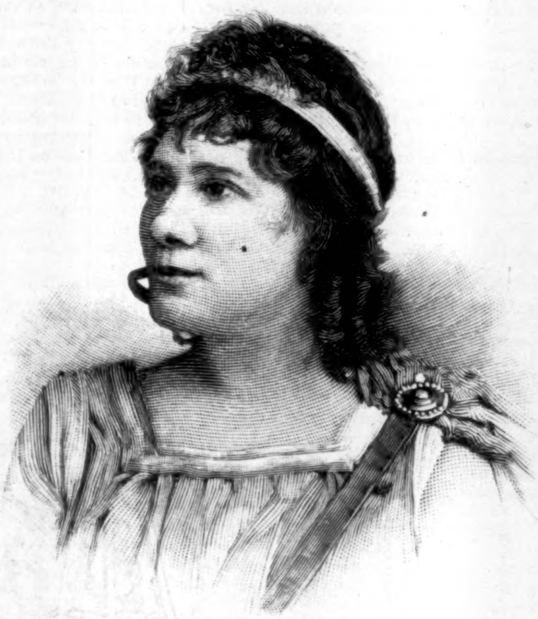
It is the training of the German soldier that perfects him as a machine. The illustration here given shows the intelligent automaton at work. The exercise of falling from high places into water is not compulsory with all the troops, and it is a training that would not find favor with many other soldiers. It is doubtful whether an officer of the British Guards would care to test the obedience of his men by ordering any such feat. But the young men of The Young Man's army go at it blindly, plunge with the grace of wooden statues, and recover their self-assertion in time to swim to the stairs and climb out—a display of intelligence that you would hardly give the gentleman in mid-air credit for. This lofty-tumbling exercise is only intended for exhibition purposes, and the men are marked for prizes as they succeed or fail in these contests. The swimming with accoutrements is, however, compulsory. There was once a time when blind obedience was due to ignorance. To-day another reason must be sought. It can hardly be loyalty. Is it fear or necessity?



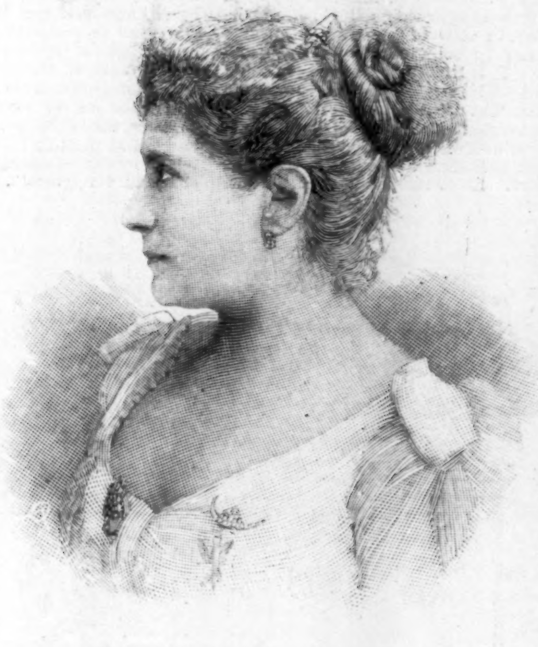
MISS EMMA EAMES, SOPRANO.



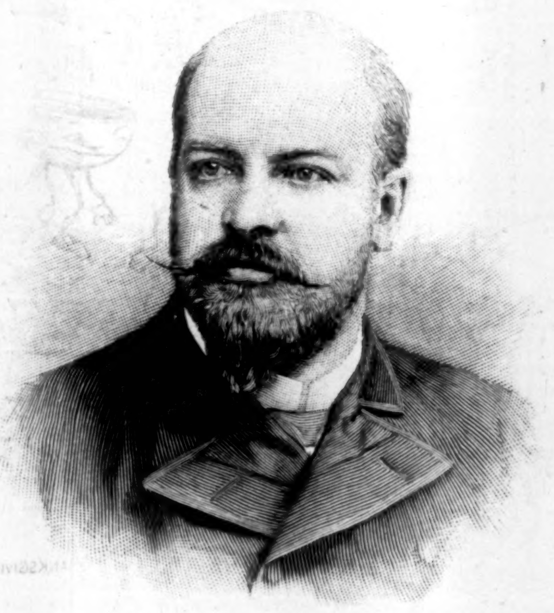
MLLE MARIE VAN ZANDT, SOPRANO.



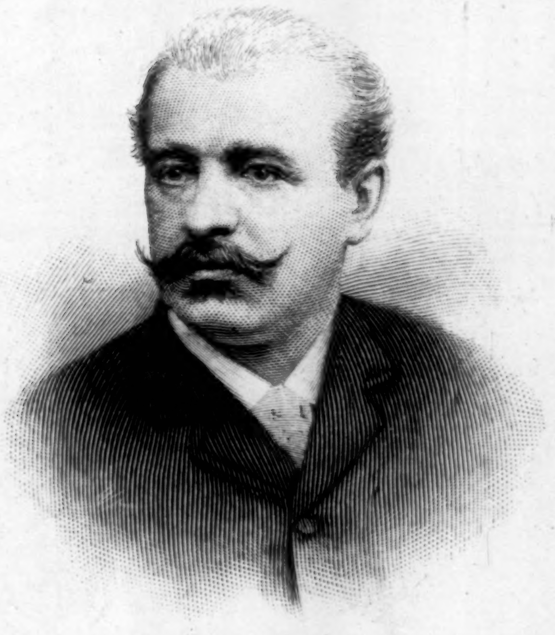
MLLE. GIULIA RAVOGLI AS "ORFEO," CONTRALTO.



MLLE. SOFIA RAVOGLI, SOPRANO.



M. EDOUARD DE RESZKE, BASSO.



M. JEAN DE RESZKE, TENOR.

SOME PROMINENT MEMBERS OF THE ITALIAN OPERA COMPANY.—[See Page 917.]

BUILDINGS IN JACKSON PARK.

BY M. A. LANE.

PROGRESSIVE architectural engineering is rather well exampled in the work now going on at Jackson Park in Chicago. Here it is that the builders are erecting the little city of chaste and extravagant houses out of all proportion to each other that will contain the Columbian Exposition in 1893. It is perfectly true that this enterprise is rarely large, and it is this vastness and largeness and extent in size—so dear to the Chicago heart, and so typical of its enterprise—that strike all visitors to the park with wonder.

Sir Henry Trueman Wood is a conservative Englishman, the last man in the wide world to be impressed with anything. The writer once took a young Englishman to see the falls of Niagara. This young man came from Oxford, and could read Menander in the original, so that there was really no doubt of his intelligence at all. He surveyed the cataracts calmly, and twice adjusted his eyeglass in order to get a thoroughly good view of it all; and then, after a complete and conscientious investigation, he turned around, and said,

"You won't mind it, old fellow, but really, you know, I don't think much of it."

It would be hard to say whether Sir Henry Wood would entertain the same judgment of Niagara, but he certainly surprised the construction department of the World's Fair with the enthusiasm of his opinion. And this enthusiasm can be forgiven him, for the vastness of the undertaking is quite apparent even to the laborers who are digging and planting there. A man stands at one end of the Manufacturers Building. To his right, about a quarter of a mile away, his view is stopped by a mass of iron beams.

"What big building is that?" he asks.

"That"—he is told—"is the other end of the building you are now in—the Manufacturers Building."

The mere statement of this fact surprises the human imagination. But before the fact itself, in view of the truth of it, the human mind recoils. It is utterly inconceivable. It is true, there can be no doubt of it, and yet it is utterly unthinkable. And it was this that drew from Sir Henry Wood the extravagant expression of praise that came from him when he was driven to Jackson Park and shown over the work being done there. As to the practical part of the work, it has been greatly advanced, and the way seems now clear to the roofing in of four of the great buildings before the earnest beginning of the winter season. In the Manufacturers and Liberal Arts Building one-fourth of the flooring has been laid; that is to say, eight acres, for there are thirty-two acres of flooring in this structure. The work in the Mines and Mining Building is advancing very rapidly. The Horticultural Building and the Woman's Building are almost complete; the latter structure, however, is quite insignificant when it is compared with the others. In the Fisheries and Aquaria, section after section arises almost daily. The site of the Art Building is done, and this structure will probably be among the last of the great buildings to be finished. The Transportation Building, the Electricity, the Administration, and the Agricultural buildings are in the early stages of improvement. The landscape artist is slowly fashioning the grounds, in pace with the building work. The electric plant is in condition to give all necessary assistance to the advancement of the enterprise at night.

A general outline of the grounds themselves may be of some interest. The site of the fair, as almost every one now knows, is Jackson Park, which lies on the shore of Lake Michigan, seven miles from the City Hall of Chicago. For the sake of the superintendent's convenience the park has been divided into two portions—the improved and the unimproved part. The unimproved portion lies to the south, and embraces from Fifty-ninth to Sixty-seventh streets, and is much larger in area than the improved portion. The improved portion is like anything but a city park. A long low beach, bound with a sea-wall, and along which runs an esplanade or a parade—exactly like the parade of an English watering-place—stretches away to the south, and forms the limit to a large area of lawn, broken here and there with groves. The prospect is perfectly flat. There is not a hill in it. But go away among the trees in any direction and sit down on a bench, and you can hear the roar of the waves as they are tossed and beaten and broken against the sea-wall. You can hear, too, if you listen carefully, the hissing of the water that is dashed over the wall, and breaks into foam on the parade or the sand. In summer the wind thus blowing over the beach and the tumult of the water suggest the American wildness, whose freshness has charmed foreigners, and has made Henry W. Longfellow a favorite in England. Hither come on Sundays a hundred thousand people from Chicago. Over the parkways or drives rolls a procession of carriages and light vehicles of all sorts, that are more numerous than those of any other drive in the world.

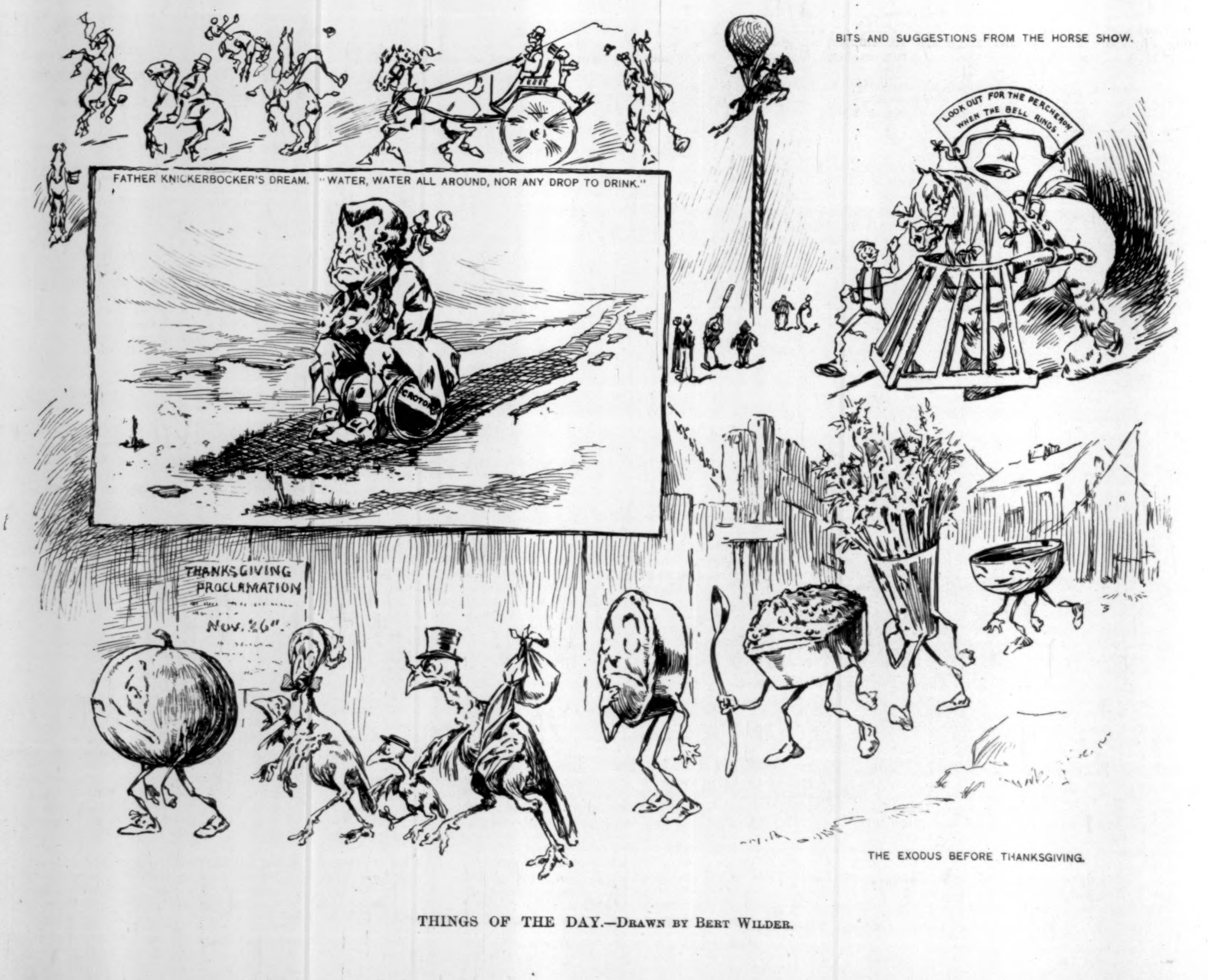
In strong contrast with this improved portion of the park was the contiguous unimproved portion. Just at the dividing line oozed a sluggish dirty stream that, carrying sewage from certain parts of the city, polluted the water of the lake. Beyond there lay low marshes, with now and then a dank grove. All this is now changed. Where the marshes were before are the indications and the tracings of what will be beautiful winding walks of white shells and golden groves bordered with beds of a thousand different sorts of cultivated flowers. And it is in this larger portion of the park the main buildings of the World's Fair are now being erected. The first work was to change the surface of the ground. The high ground was not high enough, and the low ground was not low enough. The first task was to strip the deep soil from the earth, and pile it up in huge banks against the fences. Then the contractors brought in scraping machines to cut the loose sand lower in certain marked boundaries, and heap it up on the higher ground. Then came dredges, whose use was to cut deep ways for water craft. The material thus produced was levelled on the higher ground, making the foundation for the future buildings. That ground which was the highest, and which bore a scattered growth of trees, has not been disturbed. It is surrounded by a body of water that has been called the canal, and it will be beautified by the landscape-gardener before the opening of the exposition. The soil will be sodded, and curious bridges will be erected that will connect its island shores with the mainland. All about are now rising the growing Columbian buildings. The exhibits of the several States will be placed in a special enclosure within the improved portion of the park that has been thus far for the public, but of which the public will now be deprived.

When, after some disputation, it was finally decided just where each building would be placed, their limits were staked off and the ground lifted to the regulation height, and the foundations were begun. Most of these structures are of wood, as a matter of course. They have not even a brick or a stone foundation. Some of them stand on beds of boards arranged in a cross-pyramidal form, with piles for home; and others rest on posts driven into the earth a few feet below the artificial level. None of them boasts an elevation sufficiently high to permit of a basement beneath the first story. The following review will convey at least some sort of an idea of the exact condition of affairs at Jackson Park: Of the twelve buildings to be erected here on the southern portion of the park the farthest advanced is that of the women. In all its lines of structure and adornment this is the work of women. The experiment of the staff walls was here first tried, and the constructionists all say that it is a success. Its roof will be completed shortly. The second building in progress is that of the Mines and the Mining. Its lofty roof will be supported on iron columns which are even now in position. They are a trifle premature, perhaps, because the general features of the advance in this building do not seem to say that the structure is yet ready for them.

Next to this building a similar outline suggests how far the Electricity Building has been advanced. Just south of this are the outlines of a Greek cross, with its arms stretching toward the cardinal points. This is the building of the Administration, and it will be the most artistic of all the buildings of the exposition. Near by will be stationed the terminal station of the railroad. Further to the south comes Machinery Hall, 500 × 850 feet in dimension. The floor of this building is nearly all down, but there will be no roof on it before spring.

Agricultural Hall is not so far advanced as the other structures, but a beginning has been made on it, at all events, and its construction will be pushed severely when the weather becomes mild. As has been stated, the work on the Manufacturers Building has already been advanced to a point where the end seems clear in view.

According to the superintendent, there are 3000 men employed on the grounds. This is perhaps a trifle exaggerated, for 3000 men equal three regiments of soldiers, or a good-sized country town. In Chicago the temperature falls early in the year, and it is possible that the out-door work may be abandoned in December. If, however, the winter be an open one, the grounds will be in reasonable condition by the 1st of March, and from that date on the progress will be most rapid.


LOOK OUT FOR THE PERCHERON WHEN THE BELL RINGS
CROTON
THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION
Nov. 26"

BITS AND SUGGESTIONS FROM THE HORSE SHOW.

FATHER KNICKERBOCKER'S DREAM. "WATER, WATER ALL AROUND, NOR ANY DROP TO DRINK."

THE EXODUS BEFORE THANKSGIVING.

THINGS OF THE DAY.—DRAWN BY BERT WILDER.

AMATEVR·SPORT

From the time this paper goes to press until the football elevens of Yale and Harvard meet at Springfield it is one full week. Therefore it is firing at very long range to attempt to make any prediction as I did last year, when there were but two days between seeing the teams and the publication of my opinion. Moreover, this year it is more difficult than ever it was to say what Harvard can do until her team has played its very last practice game on Jarvis Field. Harvard at the time of this writing is in a condition far from satisfactory, and yet one from which her team is as likely as not to strike a winning pace. A great deal can be accomplished in six or seven days when every man realizes fully that the very last days of preparation are passing, and buckles down to work in earnest. There has been a great deal said about Harvard's poor playing, but really when one comes to look carefully over the two teams, weighing the advantages of one against the disadvantages of the other, there is not a great deal of difference between them. The wonder is that there does not exist a considerable difference in Harvard's favor when the wealth of her material is remembered. It was not all veteran stock at the beginning, to be sure, but it had some knowledge of football, and weight and strength to back it.

Without referring to any particular team or captain, it does seem as though a great deal of valuable time and work is wasted in the way candidates for positions are handled. I do not know that I can better explain what I mean than to cite the team A. A. Stagg has brought out at Springfield as an example of how much can be accomplished in the proper method. Here is a school that contains just forty-two boys, and yet out of these, Stagg succeeded in developing a team that made those of both Harvard and Yale play ball. Of course I acknowledge at once that the school was favored exceptionally in having so thorough a student of the game as Mr. Stagg to lead the work, but are not Yale, Harvard, and Princeton supposed to be, and generally are, provided with expert coaches? The point of the matter is that these boys were taken from the very beginning and thoroughly drilled in the elements of the game and of the positions they were filling. The prime difference between the method pursued by Mr. Stagg and that we are accustomed to seeing elsewhere is that the one picks out the most likely boy for a position, and gives him every possible opportunity for filling it by instruction, theoretical and practical, while the other, rich in candidates, puts one after the other into the line, leaving them to grope along unaided in the most important part of their football education. In other words, could not more skilful teams be turned out and better football played if a choice of men were made earlier in the season, and those men given the benefit of a *thorough* instruction? Of course every candidate has some idea of the game, but in the early part of the season, when the men line up and bang against one another, he learns very little from the coaches. How much more could be gotten out of them if they were given, each in his position, practical demonstration of the most approved methods, and not left to tumble into them after weeks of hard work! If Stagg, out of a school of forty-two boys, could develop the team he did, what could he have done with eleven such men as will face Yale next Saturday?

And what will Harvard do at Springfield on the 21st? That's the question. Some weeks ago, when I made a trip to Cambridge, after the men had gotten a bit in shape, I came to the conclusion, after looking over the material, that Harvard ought to put just as good a team into the field as the one which defeated Yale last year. Each subsequent trip to Cambridge has been a disappointment, for I have expected improvements that I failed to see. I remember last spring, in following the Harvard crew, how impressed I was with the fact that the men appeared to be just outside of a strong united whole, and that if they could only get together it would be a winning pace—indeed, I think I said as much in type just before I predicted their winning. Well, so also the eleven has impressed me. It seems to be just outside the winning pace. Can they reach it in the remaining week of practice? When you look over the Harvard men individually and weigh them up with Yale, the advantage is certainly with the crimson; but individual play is not the game that wins, and its very brilliancy in that respect is likely to cause Harvard's defeat. Certainly Harvard must make some improvement in this last week, but can she make enough to catch up with her rival, who is working in these last few days as she never worked before?

If Harvard plays the same kind of a game next Saturday that she put up against Trinity last Wednesday, and the Boston Athletic Association last Saturday, she will be defeated undoubtedly. If, however, in this last week Captain Trafford and the coaches are able to bring the men up to something like team-work, so that he can concentrate their effort on occasions, and put up a stronger defence, if they can teach them how to block, then it looks as though Yale would be defeated. In other words, if Harvard's forwards can hold up against Yale's rushers, and keep them from getting through, the crimson should again prove victorious. It hardly seems possible for them to so greatly improve in the few remaining days, but stranger things have happened. I can't help thinking that we shall see, through a muffed punt, some scoring that will turn the tide of battle. There is going to be a good bit of kicking, and to stand steady under the descending ball while the ends come thundering down on you requires experience and nerve.

The Harvard Centre is yet undecided, at least at this writing. Bangs has been playing centre, with Dexter and Mackie as guards, and the result has been far from satisfactory. Shea has lately been putting up a greatly improved game, and shown conclusively what he can do if he only exerts himself. It would not surprise me to see him in centre at Springfield, although Bangs has had the benefit of Cranston's coaching, and it is bad business to change at so late a day. I should like some one to enlighten me as to the advantage of Dexter over Vail at guard. Vail has been at work steadily all the season, and in my estimation plays a better game there than Dexter, whose experience heretofore has been, unless I am much mistaken, at centre. Dexter is a very strong man, and might make a better centre than either Shea or Bangs. If I were in Captain Trafford's shoes I should, assuredly, at this stage of the game, give preference to experience. There is not much difference in physique between any of these men, and experience is what is needed in Harvard's centre more than beef. Mackie will hold his position, and is counted on to look after Heffelfinger, but he will have to be considerably more alive than he has been yet to keep the mighty Yale rusher from getting through the line. In the Trinity game holes appeared to be made through him at will.

So far as centres go, the two teams will be fairly matched, neither Stillman, Paine, Shea, Dexter, nor Bangs, whichever ones are finally used, being anything to boast of. There are plenty of men on outside teams who can play with any one of these. In guards the question is different. Heffelfinger is the best man in his position upon the football field this season, but Mackie will be instructed to take him under the knee when the ball goes, and thus neutralize his work. If Mackie is clever enough to do this unperceived by the umpire it will go a good ways toward preventing Heffelfinger's assisting in running. Mackie cannot block so well as Heffelfinger, nor get through as well, nor run as fast. Morison and his opponent, whether it be Vail, Dexter, Shea, Highlands, or Bangs, will have a busy time of it, for Morison is a livelier, faster man than he was last year, and although he may be overmatched in weight, will be worth any two of Harvard's candidates in experience.

Despite Yale's latest and rather extraordinary move at tackle in changing Wallis over into Winter's place, and putting Winter where he will face Newell, there is no question that Harvard will be far and away the stronger; and upon that position so much of the present game rests that, I must say, it makes me think more favorably of Harvard. Waters hardly came up to my expectation at Springfield in the Trinity game, and Wallis will have a far easier task than Winter, but both will wish the game over before the second three-quarter. The popular impression in comparing the teams is, that while Yale is stronger in the centre, Harvard's ends are greatly superior—I am not so sure about the last. Hinkey will be something of a novelty for Hallowell at the right end, and in spite of the longer experience and better physique of the Harvard man, the Yale man is putting up the cleverer game. Upon the other end there seems to be some uncertainty at Harvard who will play. Emmons has been at the post lately. Mason laid off with a sore foot. Some favor the present arrangement, on the ground of the likelihood of Mason losing his head, but it seems as though he should have had experience enough to preclude that. He is a hard player and a good tackler. Hartwell has been brought over with Wallis on the Yale end, and whether he meets Emmons or Mason, if he keeps his wits about him, they should make a fair match. In fact, if Hartwell plays at Springfield as he did in the University of Pennsylvania game, he will be more than a match.

In quarters Barbour is a better man than either Gage or Cobb. He has been run down in the newspapers by Yale writers, evidently with the hope of leading him to greater effort. He is slow, as I said two weeks ago, but he is otherwise good, and always plays a better game than he shows in practice. But from the quarter down to the goal post Harvard has much the advantage of Yale. McClung is Yale's star, and he is the best dodging half back on the field. From the beginning of the play to the end, he will gain more ground than any back in the game, but he has not the weight of Lake. Neither of the Blisses can stand the work as Lake and Corbett can, but they are good dodging backs, and generally gain when sent. Trafford will give McCormack or Bliss forty feet on every punt, and beat them, but he does not make the runs that either of the other two can, though he bucks the lines for a gain on an emergency.

Both Harvard and Yale fear a kicking game. In fact, there never yet was a team that did not; because, no matter how proficient the halves and backs are both in catching and kicking, there is always an element of great uncertainty in the wind or weather, and no man can say he is always sure of his catch. Some interference which the umpire fails to see, some change in the strength or direction of the wind, a hundred things, may make all the difference between a catch and a muff, between a chance to return or a touchdown. So there will be nervous men at Springfield, for there will be kicking.

The Yale-Pennsylvania game on Saturday showed pretty clearly what kind of play Yale is capable of putting up when necessary. In the first three-quarters several very pretty runs were made by L. Bliss and McCormack, one especially by the latter that was as clever as any we are likely to see this season, although it would hardly be possible in a big game such as next Saturday, for instance. Yale's interference was very fine, and the work of both ends was excellent. Hartwell especially played a wonderfully good game, only once making an error; in fact, I never saw him do better. If he does as well next Saturday, he will make a reputation for himself that will be one of the football memories of his college. Wallis tackled well until he went off the field with an injured ankle. If Yale should lose him, it would weaken the team, for Mills is by no means his equal. Winter once or twice played brilliantly, but his game was much inferior to Wallis's, and he requires careful coaching. As for Heffelfinger, I could hardly do justice to the game this man always plays if I used the most extravagant language. He knows more football than any forward on the field. He plays with his head, and it is a treat to watch him follow the ball. Some features of Pennsylvania's play were stronger than in the game against Princeton—punting, for instance—but there wasn't that dash in their play, that spirit which the possibility of victory gives, and consequently they did not put up so hard a game, though it was a good one. Church showed excellent judgment in handling his men, and made some pretty tackles. Schoff, right end, and Adams, centre, played very strong games. Schoff is not much behind the best ends on the field, and Adams can hold his own with any centre playing this season. Knipe put up a strong game, and is a half back of considerable promise, I should say. I could not see that Heisman's absence made any difference at left end. McFadden is light, but he comes very near knowing his business. Thayer demonstrated that he is in it with Trafford and Homans in punting, and a surer catch than either of them. He placed his punts with praiseworthy judgment. Yale's play in the second half was very loose, and they added only twelve to the thirty-six points earned in the first half.

If Princeton will learn the lesson taught by the game on Saturday with Cornell, when by the narrowest squeak she just managed to score six points, it will not have been administered without good results. It is hardly necessary to say that for Princeton to score only six points ten days before her game with Yale against a college which is a novice in the game, without traditions or first-class coaches, is highly discreditable. It reflects great credit on Cornell, but is really disgraceful for Princeton. The Cornell men are big and strong and older, but is there nothing to football but battering up against a wall of beef and bones? Last year Princeton went to Eastern Park to give an exhibition of football that was simply execrable; it was little if any better than second class. Among the absurd features of that day was the persistence with which it bucked Yale's centre for no gain. It bucked until its men were worn out and thoroughly discouraged, and it bucked when it had not the smallest chance of gain. Now this year there is every chance to redeem the score of last. Princeton has never in her athletic history had better green material than she has to-day. Captain Warren, by indefatigable work that should have the commendation of both alumni and undergraduates, has gotten together a team that is very promising. With proper handling, it should make Yale play very hard to win on Thanksgiving day.

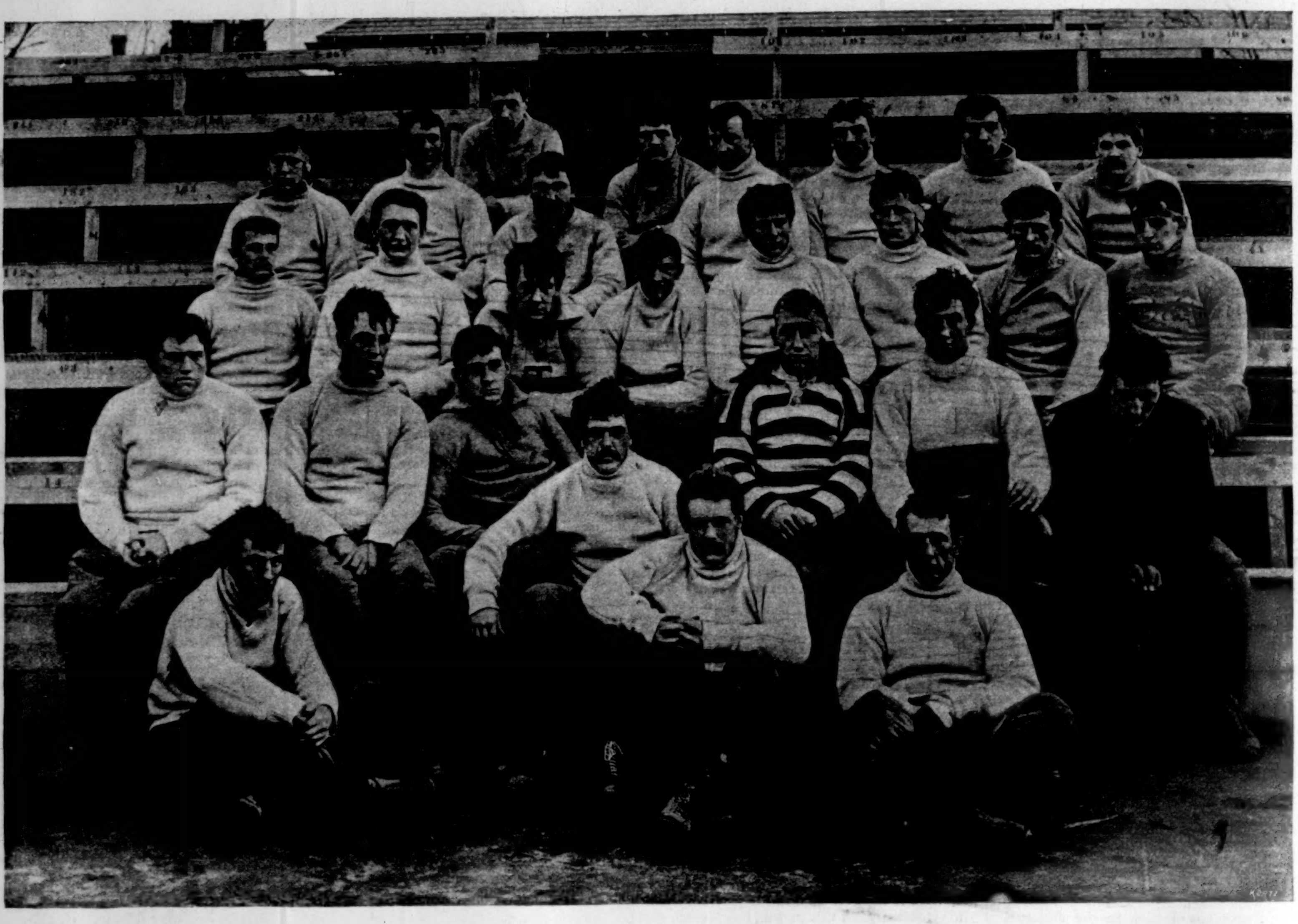
Now that the prospects for a strong team are so good, it would seem a pity to handicap them by adopting an unwise and single style of play. For instance, Princeton has done little else in the games she has played but buck the centre; the scores she has made have generally been the result of runs around the end. Bucking the centre is well enough at times, although hard on the men, but is this and around the end the sum and substance of Princeton's ingenuity? Have the coaches no other resources for the team than the antiquated plays shown at Eastern Park last year? The day has gone past when the mere acquisition of beef in the line is an open sesame to the goal. Headwork is what wins nowadays, not only as applied to the play mapped out by coaches, but to that of the individuals as well. If the orange and black are planning to put up such a game as those shown in public thus far, they can count on Yale running up about twenty points on them. As they have the material, it will be an everlasting shame if the coaches of Princeton do not put their heads together and devise some additional play for the team besides pounding away at the centre.

The team's work last week was very sluggish and altogether unsatisfactory. Whether the cause was a reaction after the game with Pennsylvania, or what, makes no difference in the result. The serious part of the matter is that there are but ten days remaining before the Yale game, and the team plays very little better than it did two weeks ago. I am inclined to think that they were worked too hard a few weeks ago, and had to go through a small lazy fit. Individually the men have made some improvement. Vincent, under Donnelly's coaching, has put up a better game at end, and Warren, at the other, has likewise tackled lately more like what he used to do before he had the never-ending worry of developing a green team. Holly has been sick and laid off for several days; he shows the proper spirit, and improves a little every day; so does Harold. Riggs is playing a very strong game, and will keep Heffelfinger much busier than he did last year. Wheeler, aside from the sluggishness which overtook the entire line, has braced up. He is a powerful man, and if he gives the game the attention he should, will make a strong player. Symmes, at centre, is actually doing better than any one on the team; he is showing more improvement, and if he keeps up his play, will do better for Princeton than he did last year by a considerable. Sharp tackling is badly needed, and the blocking is not good; the men are too slow. In the few days remaining, Princeton should have the best coaching of her old cracks, for unless there is great improvement, there will be no plums in the Thanksgiving pudding of the eleven.

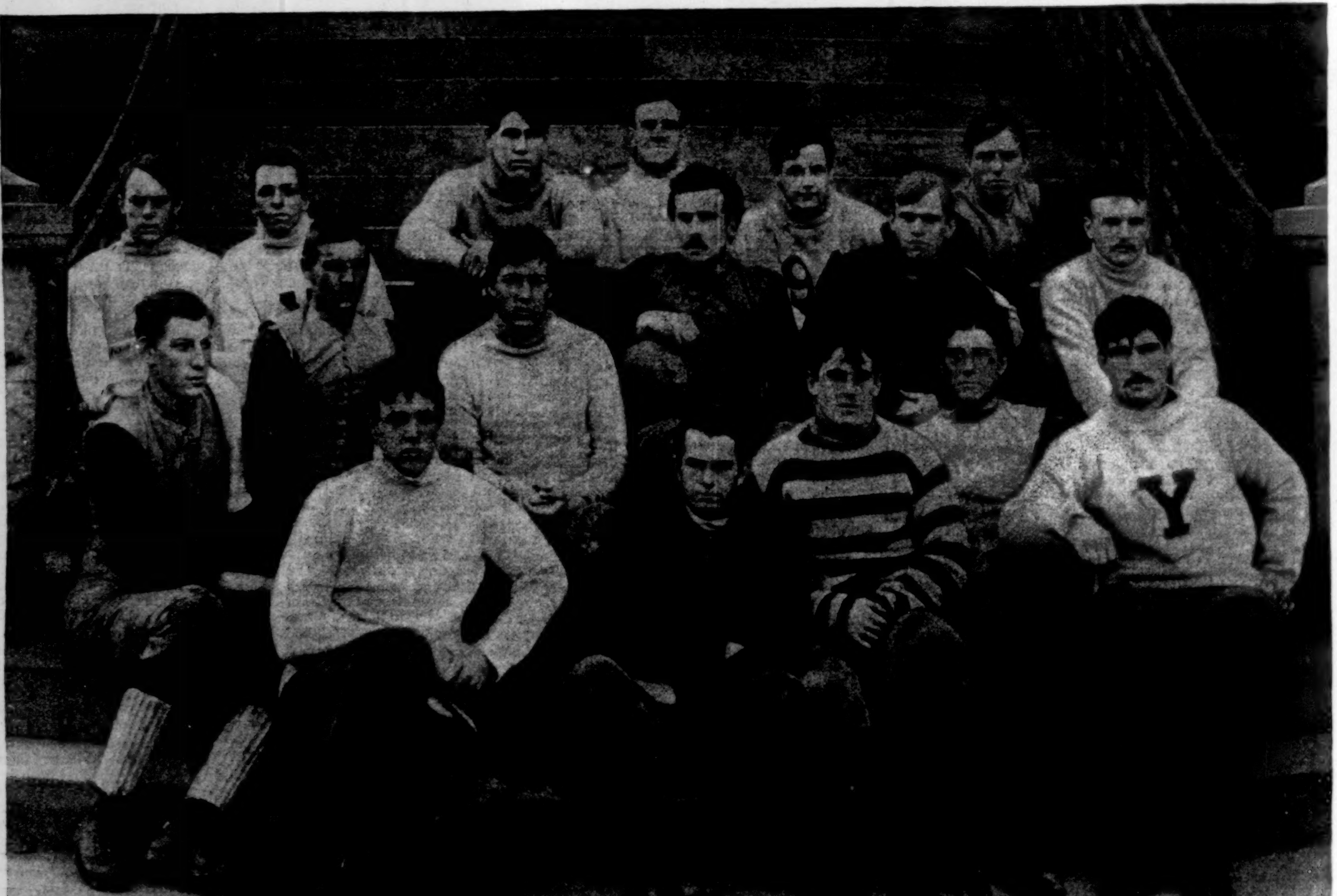
So Moffatt and Coffin have been chosen for the Springfield game. Both are good. The latter has had the highest compliment that could be paid any man as an umpire, namely, that of being chosen by the Advisory Committee (acting, of course, in the interests of their constituents) for every game for which under the rules he was eligible. He is thoroughly well known, having umpired not only a great deal, but particularly Yale-Princeton and Princeton-Pennsylvania contests, where the excitement and feeling were intense. He allows no fisticuffs for an instant, and it doesn't make a particle of difference to him whether a touchdown or goal is made, if a player on the side having the ball holds his opponent or uses his hands or arms in interference, the ball comes back, and goes to the other side. He knows the rules and the game and his own mind, and there will be none but straight play under him. We hail an umpire of this kind, for it means everything to the game of the future. Mr. Moffatt is a former Princeton captain, in his time one of the most successful drop kickers who ever stood on any field, and a man thoroughly at home in the points of the game. He has acted both as umpire and as referee in former games, and has the reputation of being a careful and extremely conscientious official.

The Crescent Team, by its defeat of the New York Athletic Club eleven on Saturday (18–6), has again won the championship of the Amateur Football Union. I have always remarked on the exceptionally good football this team puts up, and regretted exceedingly this season that limited space prevented my writing more of them. The team is not only well captained by Harry Beecher, but its interests ably cared for by its manager, F. T. Lawrence. The Crescent eleven without Beecher and Lawrence would hardly be recognizable. Considerable hard luck in injury to players has followed the team, but it has managed, even with substitutes, to put up a very fair game, and in its full strength has been more than a match for its athletic club rivals. Hewlett especially has distinguished himself, and both Edwards and Sheldon have proved themselves invaluable.——Trinity closed her season on Saturday by defeating Technology, 22–0. The team put out by Trinity, with its 125 students, has proved remarkably strong, and played wonderfully good football. Out of ten games this season it has won six, and the four defeats were to Harvard, Yale, Pennsylvania, and Boston A. A. Graves, Kent, Hubbard, Hubbell, and Hall have done particularly well.——A game quite as interesting as between any of the larger teams would be one with Cornell and University of Pennsylvania opposed.——Exeter's team this year was not able to make so good a fight as usual with Andover. It was defeated on Saturday, 26–10.——Lehigh having downed Lafayette, 6–2, by reason of the latter's wretched judgment in attempting to rush the ball from her goal instead of punting, is somewhat comforted for the walloping U. of P. gave her.——Stevens has not won very often this season, but deserves credit for supporting her team rather than permitting it to disband for want of support, as Columbia did.——Williams's steady bucking was too much for Dartmouth Saturday, though the latter put up a strong game. Street and Bothne and Ide and Smith played brilliantly for their respective colleges, 14–6. Notwithstanding they won, Williams's game was not especially satisfactory to her admirers.

Caspar W. Whitney.



THE HARVARD FOOTBALL TEAM.



THE YALE FOOTBALL TEAM.

TO MEET AT SPRINGFIELD ON NOVEMBER THE TWENTY-FIRST.

HOW A RAILROAD IS INSPECTED.

THE inspection of the Pennsylvania Railroad is made annually usually in the month of October. The President, and as many of the Vice-Presidents and directors as can go, precede the rest of the party, and examine not only every foot of their own immediate possessions, but also all branch and connecting lines over which Pennsylvania Railroad through passengers may possibly hold tickets. This takes them as far as St. Louis and Kansas City. This first party do not ride in such a car as is hereby illustrated, but notice the condition of the roads from the back end of Pullman observation cars.

The engineers, managers, superintendents, and lesser officers, down to trackage clerks, to the number of 160, occupy four trains, such as is shown in the illustration on page 928, one train following at a safe distance in the rear of another. These trains of inspectors look after the property of their own road only, and every tie, rail, joint, etc., is seen and passed upon by them, and at the end of the inspection this immense jury decides, upon examining the printed forms upon which it has placed its estimate of every subdivision, which of them are entitled to the prizes so earnestly striven for by the many division superintendents.

The last train, in addition to the baggage, dining, and general passenger coach which are on the other trains, includes also a car which is called the "Trackometer," or indicator car. It is a most complex piece of machinery, and registers and locates every possible imperfection of track and bed, whether of alignment or level, marked on the cylinder rolls as follows: *Location;* 100 *ft. marker; Wide gauge; Gauge* 4 *ft.* 9 *in.; Close gauge; Surface of right rail; Elevation* $\frac{1}{8}$; *Surface of left rail;* and *Speed.*

THE WASHINGTON ARCH IN NEW YORK.

PLACE, position, add effectiveness to the Washington Arch now in process of erection in New York. The arch stands on the north side of Washington Square, just where lower Fifth Avenue begins. Washington Square is of ample area, and becomes the fitting frame for such a monument. Though lower Fifth Avenue at its beginning is not of great length, it has fair width, and so the artistic impression of the arch is not lessened by its surroundings.

The exact appreciation of an arch, the meaning it would convey, may differ with the event it commemorates. Nationalities have various expressions. There is the Arc de Triomphe, the largest of arches. It is grand in conception, fulfils its functions as the monument typical of the glories of France in the past. It imposes by means of its massive qualities, while its decoration tells of battle and conquest. Its title indicates triumph. It may not recall the Caudine Fork of a savage victor, but if its vault could give a sound, its echo might be "Væ victis!"

It should be remembered that only supremely great events are considered by mankind as worthy of commemoration by means of arches, and Mr. Charles de Kay has in HARPER'S WEEKLY thoroughly explained their architectural significance. It might be advanced that when sight-seeing Americans look for the first time at arches built by the Romans, though appreciating their architectural proportions, impressed with their historical memories, the small size of these monuments at times dampens enthusiasm. It is then the hugeness of the Arc de Triomphe which makes a lasting effect. It tells of the conquest of the larger portion of Europe by Napoleon, the monument being in proportion to the wonderful events. Still, it leaves an impression of aggressive force.

As has been judiciously remarked in criticisms on the Washington Arch, the architect, Mr. Stanford White, has made his design with perfect appreciation of the surroundings. Such buildings as are in proximity near lower Fifth Avenue, or visible through the trees, can neither be called noble nor impressive. It would be nonsense to say that the arch was assorted to the neighborhood. Mr. Stanford White was too good an artist to lower his conceptions. It will not as an artistic creation stand, however, aloof from its modest neighbors, but it must in time exercise its influence. In the years to come the quiet repose of this portion of New York will have an awakening, perhaps, and then, following the lead of the arch, a better type of buildings will be reared. Committees who select localities for monuments never lose sight of what is in the future. It may, then, be safe to say that just as long as Washington Square exists, and Fifth Avenue begins there, that this special quarter of New York will never lose its importance.

In all ways Mr. Stanford White's plan is excellent, and, above all, is appropriate. An arch may be grave, but never sombre. If it stood bald, unornamented, it would be meaningless. Differing in no way from all other art conceptions, it must tell what it means. An American arch, if it had any idea to convey to us, could never be one of conquest, but reminding us of the superbest of all triumphs—that of freedom. Anything else than this would jar with true republicanism. No one ever dared, when the nation was still young, to think of rearing a pile blatant with our victories over Mexico.

The initial idea of this arch was due to the erection of a temporary wooden one when the celebration of the inauguration of Washington took place. The great event of 1789 was remembered in 1889, and the programme carried out on the 29th of April, 1889, was fully presented in HARPER'S WEEKLY. "Why not," it was at once asked, "have a durable monument as lasting as our country, which shall tell forever the greatness, the goodness, of George Washington?" At once means and ways were thought of, committees were formed, with the result of a handsome sum of money to be devoted to the erection of the arch. On the 30th of May of last year, with appropriate services, the corner-stone of the arch was laid, the orator of the day being Mr. George William Curtis.

The illustration gives a perfect idea of the arch as it will be when finished, with its surroundings. The view through the arch is looking up Fifth Avenue. The two columns holding globes surmounted by eagles give the proper balance, and add to the effective qualities of the arch.

To-day the Washington Arch is finished as far as the cornice, and the work is progressing at a reasonable rate of speed. It will take, however, some time before the decorative portion can be made. To carry out this ornamentation it must be done *in situ*, and such artistic chiselling requires skilful artisans, and these cannot be hurried. As the arch must last, and is built for centuries to come, the stone employed is such as will best resist climatic effects, and is accordingly hard to cut. If the arch is entirely finished in 1892, it will redound to the credit of the builder, Mr. David H. King, Jr., who has contributed in a gratuitous way his services to the Washington Arch.

BARNET PHILLIPS.

IMPISH FREAKS

Are those of a disordered liver. But when that organ is thoroughly disciplined with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the bile is adequately secreted, diverted from the blood into its proper channel, digestion grows active, the skin and eye-balls lose their bilious tinge, pain in the vicinity of the liver ceases, sick headache and nausea depart. The Bitters is an incomparable preventive of malaria, rheumatism, and kidney complaint.—[*Adv.*]

IMPERIAL GRANUM.

SAFE, PURE, NOURISHING FOOD.

AMONG the many good things advertised is the "IMPERIAL GRANUM." The announcement says, "It has justly acquired the reputation of being a standard dietetic preparation." I do not know what better commendation I can give. It has this reputation, and the reputation is deserved. While particularly excellent for infants, children, invalids, and the aged, it is capable of being served in most delicious and appetizing forms for all ages, and for the healthy as well as the sick.—NEW YORK OBSERVER.—[*Adv.*]

PABST SOUVENIR BEER SPOON.

AN absolute novelty, large-sized teaspoon, sterling silver, symbolical of Milwaukee's great beer industry. Hop leaves, barley, old German beer mug. Said to be the finest specimen of die-cutting in America. Partly oxidized, $3.50; all gold, $4.50. Send to Stanley & Camp Co., Milwaukee, Wis.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

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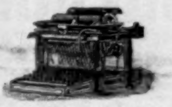

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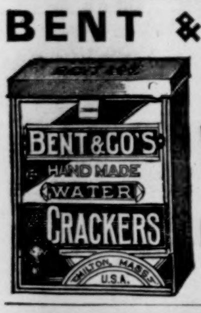

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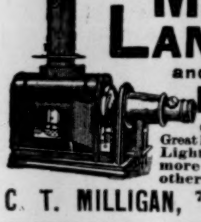

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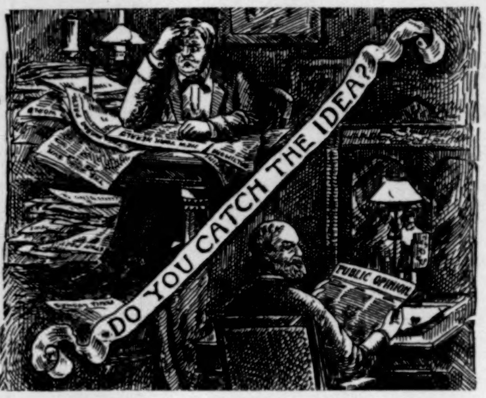
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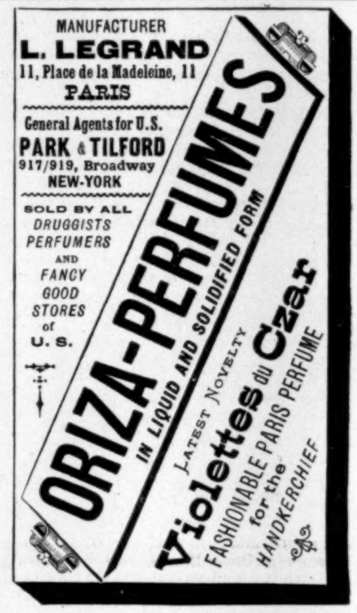

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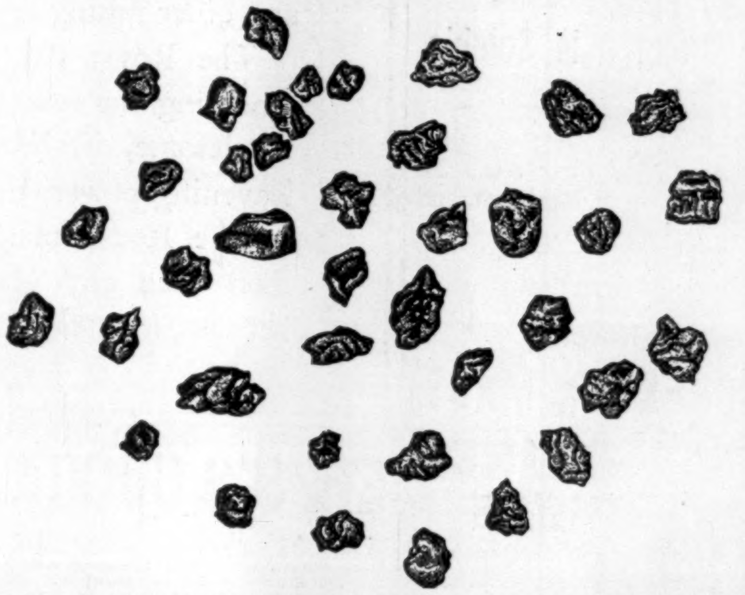

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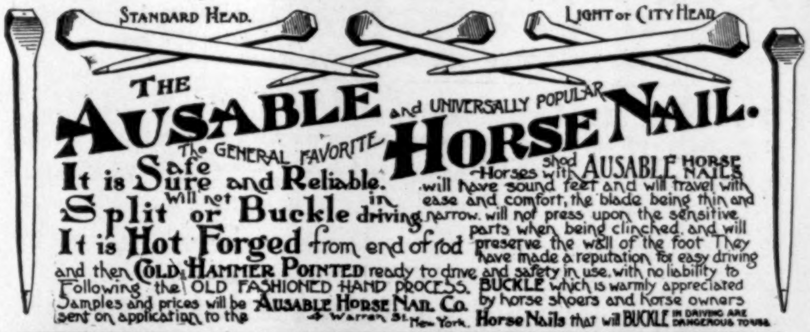

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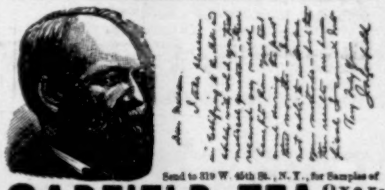

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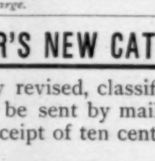

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